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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

I'M NOT AN ABOLITIONIST.

Inscribed to the Author of the lines, 'I am an Abolitionist.'

I'm not an Abolitionist!
I glory in the thought,
Write not my name with theirs who have
My country's ruin wrought,
My country, home of light and power,
The watchword of the free,
My dear, dear land, in every part
Is ever dear to me.

I'm not an Abolitionist!
I am content to be
Just what the ancient patriarchs were,
And saints of high degree,
To follow where our fathers led,
To kneel where they have knelt,
And ask that over all our land
God's blessings may be felt.

I'm not an Abolitionist!
Oh no—I only claim
With Christians, men of every creed,
To write my humble name;
With theirs, who, by the golden rule,
All men their brethren call,
Nor judge, nor taunt, nor sneer, nor hate,
For evils great or small.

And well I know the poor black man
Is loved far more by me,
Than by these men of evil name,
And boasted sanctity.
They love through hate—I love through love,
And history will show,
That they have brought him only pain,
A heritage of woe.

I'm not an Abolitionist!
North, South, and East, and West,
Each have their rights, and why should I
Claiming that I know best,
Decide for them? and fiercely swear
That each shall choose my path,
Or be forever victims of
My hatred and my wrath!

I'm not an Abolitionist!
E'en Moses could not steal
The men of Israel from the king
To whom they owed their leal.
Day after day, by God's command
With miracles of woe,
He waited for their owner's voice,
"I'll let your people go."

When that voice comes, out they must go
To find their "promised land,"
Out from their home of bondage,
Out, by their God's command,
Longing for leeks and onions lost,
Dying upon the way;
But in the end, dark Africa
Making a land of day.

—*Journal of Commerce.* M.

THE MASTER RACE.

From The Richmond (Va.) Whig of June 25.

SINCE the great battle of Shiloh, and including it, we have had an almost uninterrupted series of victories. We have encountered the enemy generally with heavy odds against us, and frequently behind entrenchments, but in no single instance, unless it be the unexplained affair at Lewisburg, have Southern troops failed to exhibit superior manhood to the mongrel and many-tongued enemy.

Indeed, the whole experience of the war is an attestation of the truth long since discovered by impartial observers, that the master-race of this continent is found in the Southern States. Of a better stock, originally, and habituated to manlier pursuits and exercises, they have ruled in affairs of State by force of the stronger will and larger wisdom that pertain to and distinguish superior races of men, while on the field of battle they have in every contest held a priority of place, conceded to them by their present adversaries.

This natural dominancy of the Southern people has had much to do in bringing on the war. The inferior race, grown strong in numbers and ambitious from prosperity, have revolted against and now seek to overthrow and destroy those whose superiority was a constant source of envy and self-reproach. There is no fiercer malevolence than that of caste, and it is this which has so long stirred the Yankee bile. Always, in the presence of the Southern gentleman, he has felt a strong and painfully-repressed impulse to take off his hat. This conscious inferiority has galled the jealous and malignant creature, until he has broken out in servile insurrection. He has vainly concluded that his numbers can overwhelm and exterminate the subjects of his envy, and that he, succeeding to the broad acres and liberal habitudes of the Southern gentry, will come to be looked upon as a gentleman, too!

With us the contest is one for hereditary rights, for the sacred things of home, for the old repute of the better blood—with the Yankee it is a rebellious and infatuated struggle for a place he is unworthy of, for privileges he would degrade, for property he would barter, and for institutions he could neither comprehend nor enjoy. It is the old and never-ending strife between patrician and proletarian, between gentle and vile. It is the offer of battle on a new field of muscle against spirit—numbers against courage. It is not upon Southern soil and among the descendants of Cavaliers and Huguenots that this battle will go in favor of brute force.

It may be that the armies in front of this city are about to rush into mortal wrestle. When they meet it will not, perhaps, be upon such unequal terms as we have generally encountered. But should there be as great inequality of numbers as on other fields, it may and will be neutralized here, as it has ever been, by the superior courage and constancy of our troops. True to their lineage, their fame, their pledges, their principles; true to the expectations and prayers of all who love them; true to the immeasurable interests that hang on the issue; the soldiers who fight for liberty and native land will never give back, never weary, never cease to strike till certain and glorious victory perches on their banners.

PRO-SLAVERY MALIGNITY.

[The following diabolical paragraph is from a letter to the Boston *Courier*, by the New York Correspondent of that journal, giving an account of the late "Union" demonstration at the Cooper Institute, under the auspices of Fernando Wood and other sympathizers with the Southern rebels.]

IF Sumner is reelected to the Senate, he may not find it convenient to pass through this city. That his name is odious, infamous, is not all—it is cursed and abominable! The blood of thousands sacrificed to his ambition and personal revenge cries to heaven against him; and if a Massachusetts Legislature can still support him by its vote, those who do so will deserve to lose their children at the altar of this Moloch. Are 300,000 more men to be called upon for such a sacrifice as this, or are they, despite of what fanatical legislation has already done, to make one last effort to restore the Constitution and the Union as they were. These are now the watchwords of the war—the only watchwords that can fill the ranks. Men are determined that they will fight battles for abolition no longer. They look at the mangled forms of their brethren as they return here, and ask—for what have these suffered? And the speeches and enactments at Washington—the negro institutions at Hilton Head—the every word and thing that can be said or done to repel an advance of the South to return to its loyalty—answer this! Rely upon it, there is another revolution at hand, and the ballot-boxes are soon to decide if it be a bloodless one or not.

Selections.

THE COUNTRY'S NEED.

From The Independent.*

OUR people have suffered the Administration in Washington to go almost as they would, without criticism or responsibility. This has been a mistaken kindness. The people are just as much the source of proper influences in the administration of government, as they are the source of those powers by which governments exist at all.

Nor is it even right or safe to allow any body of men, in administration, to do as they think best. They are to be watched, their policy discussed, their mistakes exposed, and their selfishness and imbecility rebuked. The almost universal silence of newspapers and popular assemblies upon government policy, for fear that the government might be embarrassed, has damaged the Administration. It is meant for kindness, but it is cruelty. De Tocqueville said, "that all governments would be just as rascally as the people would let them be." Power is not any safer in the hands of the men now holding the reins at Washington, than in any other equal number of honest men. Power corrupts. It burns like fire.

It is time that the dangerous silence of this country were broken, and that papers and popular assemblies spoke out, spoke often, and spoke effectually. To be sure, there is danger of faction, and of embarrassing the government. But we must take the risk. Silence breeds worse dangers than discussion. Corrupt men like to burrow and plot when it is deemed unwise to debate matters.

In the first place, we have a right to demand of the government the enunciation of a clear *Policy;* or, if they have none, we have a right to know *that,* in order that one may be supplied to them by the people. To be sure, we are to put down rebellion; to maintain the Constitution and the laws; to bring back the States to their allegiance. These are good words. But what meat is in them? Every child knows that to end this war, involves other questions than merely those of military strategy.

The most serious political questions, the most new and vital civil policies, are as much concerned in the ending of the war as is the sword. Every nation on the globe knows—but our own—that the gist of this war is slavery. This is the pivot on which the whole history turns. A clear, bold, frank annunciation of government policy on that subject will go far toward settling the public mind. The Administration have seemed to shrink from the question. If Mr. Lincoln wishes the country to settle it, let him say so. If, however, it be taken for granted that it is the business of the Administration and of Congress to mark out the line of policy, let that be said. And then, let it be also done.

The government seems to us to be in the position of men who don't know what to do, and are afraid that the people will find it out. There seems to us to be a disposition in Washington to settle this great question of the right of a people to their whole country, not on principles, but on policy; and not upon a high policy, but upon a narrow and mean one.

We are pained to say that the men in Washington have been considering what they will do after the war is over, rather than in bringing the war to a close.

It has been the fashion to shut up every paper that criticises these things, with the declaration—What do you know about war? *We take the ground that the method and conduct of the war* are just as much within the province of the intelligent public as any other national interest. A people that are competent to form their own laws, to shape their courts, to discuss their domestic and foreign policy—who debate tariff, finance, State rights, and every intricate principle of government—are competent to discuss war. It is too late for any profession to make its functions a mystery too deep for the common people, and to be handled only by professional experts.

This is the common people's war. They furnish the men, the money, and the enthusiasm of patriotism. They *can* understand war. They *ought to* understand it. It is treason to their right to assume the contrary. Are six lawyers in a Cabinet any better fit to discuss military procedure than as many honest men of equal intelligence out of the Cabinet? What has Mr. Lincoln's education done for *him,* more than ours for us, to fit him to judge of military affairs?

It is said that the cry "On to Richmond" brought the country to the verge of ruin, and shows what mischief may be done by meddling!

No. It was not the cry, but the silence which followed it, that did the mischief. That march should have been resumed in less than three months. Last October and November were better for the ending of this war than any months since. The people urged the government forward. They demanded an immediate conflict. They were right.

What if for want of good officers they were at first defeated? They should have tried it again, and soon. Our forces were not disciplined? It was the same with our enemies. When both sides are alike militia, they will win who show the most energy and dash.

And now, another horrible disaster has befallen our army before Richmond; and it appears that again the Administration, with the whole resources of the nation in their hands, have neglected their duty. The Administration have meddled, but not wrought. We are forever outnumbered. To-day we are told that we have more men than we can use; to-morrow, the Governors are roused by importunate telegrams to send the whole State militia to save the Capital; as soon as the men begin to pour in, back comes another message, that they are not wanted; and yet, at that very time, one army lies before Richmond, outnumbered nearly two to one; another, guided by the genius of that true military soul, Fremont—an army inferior to Jackson's—unfed, shoeless, ragged, and, after four months of beseeching, still without adequate transportation; another, hanging in suspense before Fredericksburg, too weak to go forward, too strong to lie useless. At this crisis—with our armies broken up and frittered away, and our government making Brigadier-Generals by the score, of men without skill, and superseding the generals who had shown resources and energy, because they feared their political future—at this time came the thunderstroke upon McClellan. An avalanche fell upon his right wing. Rolled up and driven back for seven days, that heroic army, invincible in retreat, fought with grandeur of courage, and only by such an exhibition of heroic spirit in officers, and pluck in men, as was never known on this continent, was it saved from utter destruction. Did the government frankly say to this nation, we are defeated? To this hour it has not trusted the people. It held back the news for days. Nor was the truth honestly told, when outside information compelled it to say something. It is even to this hour permitting McClellan's disaster to be represented as a piece of skillfully planned strategy! After the labor of two months, the horrible sickness of thousands of men poisoned in the swamps of the Chickahominy, the loss of probably more than ten thousand as noble fellows as ever lifted a hand to defend their country—McClellan, who was four miles from Richmond, finds himself twenty-five miles from the city, wagons burned, ammunition trains blown up, parks of artillery captured, no entrenchments, and with an army so small that it is not pretended that he can reach Richmond! The public are infatuated. The papers that regaled us two weeks ago with visions of a Fourth of July in Richmond, are now asking us to rejoice and acclaim—not at victory—but that we have just saved the army! McClellan is safe!—and Richmond too!

The government, upon this disaster, procures the Governors of the States to *ask it* to call for 300,000 more men. Why did not the President take the responsibility—plainly confess our disaster—say that we were within a hand-breadth of ruin—throw himself on the people? No. The people pay taxes—give their sons and brothers—but that is all. We are sick and weary of this conduct. We have a sacred cause, a noble army, good officers, and a heroic common people. But we are like to be ruined by an Administration that will not tell the truth; that spends precious time in playing at President-making; that is cutting and shuffling the cards for the next great political campaign!

Unless good men awake—unless the accursed silence is broken that has fallen on the people—unless the government is held sternly to its responsibility to the people—we shall dally through the summer, make Brigadier-Generals until autumn, build huge entrenchments, but fight no battles till they are forced upon us, and then we shall be called upon to celebrate our defeats or retreats as masterly strategies.

We have a country. We have a cause. We have a people. Let all good men pray that God would give us a government.

* This article is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Beecher, whose trumpet of late has given only an uncertain, wavering sound. We rejoice in this evidence that he is at length awake to the crisis, and hope to hear his voice swelling the call for emancipation, as the only "policy" that can ensure success to the arms of the North.—*Ed. Standard.*

THE WASHINGTON (D. C.) JAIL.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

Washington Correspondence of The Independent.

THE Senate Committee of the District has just made a report on the condition of the Washington jail, and some of the facts developed are so startling and atrocious that they should be brought before the people of the free States. The Committee first examined Amon Duvall, one of the late officers of the jail in question. He testified that the Marshal of the District, Ward H. Lamon, has the general superintendence of the jail, but that he appoints a superintendent, who has particular charge of the jail. This man's name is John H. Wise, and he has been a notorious slave-catcher for many years in this vicinity. The pay of the superintendent is three dollars per day. Duvall's testimony was that the prisoners are fed twice a day—in the morning with corn bread, a Potomac herring, or a small mackerel, and a little coffee sweetened with molasses. The corn loaf is cut into eight pieces, and one piece is given to each prisoner. At the second meal a half pound of bacon is usually given, and no vegetables. Duvall thinks the entire cost per diem of the food of each prisoner will average eleven cents. The law allows the Marshal twenty-one cents, and this would leave him a profit of ten cents per day on the board of each prisoner. Duvall testifies that a large number of the prisoners, when he was connected with the jail, were fugitive slaves; at one time "nearly sixty." He also testifies respecting the horrible punishment called "cobbing." And here let me quote frum the sworn evidence.

"Question.—Upon whom have such punishments been inflicted, and for what offence?

"Answer.—I do not know that I shall be able to recollect the names of all the persons punished, but I mention the name of one, William Plummer, under sentence to the penitentiary, to go that day, and indeed *did* go on that day. The offence was that a key of the prison had been left by an officer of the prison where it ought not to have been left, and the prisoner got hold of it and threw it into a night-tub, for which he was severely 'cobbed.' I did not witness that: it happened in the month of January. One Anthony Simmes, a free negro, was severely cobbed. His offense was, he had been employed in the kitchen, and he went into the street, as those employed in the kitchen are allowed to do, and refused or neglected to come back. One Bill Adams, a free negro, under sentence for petit larceny, or something of that kind, was severely 'cobbed.' I counted about thirty-three very severe lashes. He was employed in the kitchen, and his offence was going into the street and not returning. There were three slaves whipped very severely in the early part of this month. One was Abraham Taylor, a slave, who was afterwards carried to Baltimore by Mr. Wise. He belongs to a man said to be a very strong secessionist, living in the County of Charles, Maryland. His master's name was Chapman, though his master never came after him. He was taken out of jail the latter part of January or the first of February, to avoid his release under Secretary Seward's order, and was recommitted for thirty days more to enable his master to come forward, identify him, and prove himself a loyal man, which he never did. Mr. Wise was instructed by Deputy-Marshal Phillips to take him out of jail and recommit him. He was committed by Squire Walter. He attempted to escape, and was for this put in the dungeon, and afterwards sent to Baltimore, after being 'cobbed.' There are other cases which I do not remember very distinctly.

"Question.—Describe, if you please, this process of 'cobbing.'

"Answer.—The subject is taken and stripped naked, his arms are sometimes, not *always,* put in irons or shackles. He is then laid across a barrel on his stomach, and the blows are struck with a board paddle four or five inches wide, upon his naked buttock and hams. I have known as many as thirty odd blows administered at one time, with the whole strength of the person inflicting the punishment. The superintendent sometimes inflicts the punishment, or some one of his deputies who may choose to do so, for *there being no law for it,* they are not compelled to act."

Here is an important question and answer:

"Question.—How are the prisoners classified as to color, offenses alleged against them, age, and sex.

"Answer.—In the debtor portion of the jail there is no distinction as to color. In this portion are confined thieves, witnesses, persons charged with small offences, fugitives from service or labor, and 'gentlemen' who have been guilty of some indiscretion, and whom the Marshal does not like to put in with persons charged with grave offences. There is no distinction as to age in any portion of the prison. Small boys are confined with persons charged with murder. In the female part of the prison there is no distinction as to crime, color, or age."

The feeling of the jail officers toward the philanthropists who have visited the jail during the past year is indicated by the subjoined bit of testimony:

"Question by Senator Grimes.—Were you present when I visited the jail at the early part of this session in company with Dr. Channing and some ladies?

"Answer.—I was present.

"Question.—Did you hear any remarks made by the Deputy-Marshal Phillips, in regard to our visit; and if so, when; and what were the remarks made?

"Answer.—The Deputy-Marshal was at the jail either that afternoon or the next day. He and Wise were together, and he seemed cross about the visitors. He and Wise, both, denounced the visitors as 'damned crazy Abolitionists.' They talked a great deal about persons meddling with the jail and giving information."

George H. Faynon, deputy-jailer, gives much interesting testimony. The food of the prisoners, he thinks, may average twelve or even fifteen cents per day, and the number of prisoners has gone up to 240. In reference to the punishments inflicted in the jail, he says that putting in irons, the dungeon, and "cobbing" are practised—this being merely a jail for the confinement of persons *before trial and sentence,* it must be remembered. He recites a particular case of punishment as follows:

"I tied his hands by order of Mr. Wise. He was then made to lie over a barrel. The rope by which his hands were tied was drawn under the barrel and tied around his legs, lashing him to the barrel. I helped do this under the direction of Mr. Wise. He was then struck some eight or ten blows by a paddle about three feet long, an inch thick, and six inches wide. The blows were laid on with the strength of the man. Mr. John H. Wise struck the blows, and they were severe—the man writhing and screaming under the infliction. There were three others whipped at the same time.

"Question.—Upon whom and for what offense was this punishment inflicted?

"Answer.—I do not remember the name. *He was said to be a runaway slave, and was punished for attempting to escape.*"

It should be remembered that this is a United States jail, and that the people of every free State pay for its support and "assist" at every "cobbing" that takes place within its hideous walls.

Perhaps as important testimony as any given is that of William P. Wood, superintendent of the Military Prison at the old Capitol:

"Question.—Have any persons denominated contrabands, or claimed to be fugitives from service or labor, been taken from Washington jail and put under your charge and control; and if so, how many?

"Answer.—There has been from fifteen to twenty persons so taken.

"Question.—State, if you can, who these persons were; by whom, and under what authority, they had been committed to the Washington jail, for what purpose retained, and in what manner they were transferred to your custody and control?

"Answer.—Several of the contrabands so taken from the County jail were previously committed to the Military prison by order of Gen. Mansfield. An order for their release came to the Capitol prison. I questioned several of them before I released them, and warned them about the probability of their being recaptured by the civil authorities, requesting some whom I believed to be slaves, to remain with me as a means of better protection. They requested their discharge, as ordered, and were released. I believe that all of the said contrabands so released were taken and recommitted to the County jail in less than twenty-four hours after we released them. Receiving information from Mr. Duvall of their cruel treatment, he requested me to exert myself in their behalf. Knowing that some of the contrabands whom I had discharged were in the County jail. I requested him to give me the names of some of them that I might begin operations with them. He gave the name of Edward Parker, slave of John A. Washington (who was killed in Western Virginia), and two others. Knowing the hostility to Mr. Duvall, I attempted to get their names by another process. I called at the jail in person for that purpose, only, however, in the office where every citizen is permitted. I asked politely the names of contrabands in the jail who had been formerly under my jurisdiction. The guard referred me to the jailer, Mr. John H. Wise. He informed me that Col. Ward H. Lamon had forbidden me to enter that jail for any purpose whatever. I asked him to put that in writing; that I had my rights as a citizen and would not be deprived of them for all the Col. Lamons in America. I at once applied to Gen. Porter and obtained an order, and in less than an hour I had the three contrabands above referred to released and on their way to the Capitol jail. Having reasons to believe that the military authorities would have to pay for keeping them at the County jail, I determined to make an effort to have all of the contrabands confined in the County jail released. I obtained their names through Mr. Duvall, and succeeded in having some fifteen or sixteen released by an order from the Provost-Marshal, and obtained employment for them.

"Question.—State, if you please, the condition of these colored persons when taken from the County jail to your prison.

"Answer.—The details can be found at the Provost-Marshal's office. *One of them died two days afterwards from maltreatment received at the County jail,* though we took every care in our power of them. They had been evidently suffering from disease and inhuman treatment."

Enough of this horrible subject. The Marshal himself admitted to the Committee that his profits were six cents a day on each prisoner out of their miserable food! That would be *twelve dollars per day!* Yet this Marshal received over $22,000 as his income within three months, and it has been estimated that his income during the year 1862 will not fall very much below one hundred thousand dollars! The Committee, in their report, severely condemn the Marshal, but it is very evident that the office itself should be abolished, and a new one of Sheriff be established with moderate fees.

SHALL THE NEGRO BE PERMITTED TO FIGHT?

SPEECH OF MAJOR-GEN. LEW. WALLACE.

[On the 9th inst., a number of Indianians tendered Maj.-Gen. Lew. Wallace a serenade at his quarters at the National Hotel in Washington. We give an extract from his speech.]

I WAS at the Senate Chamber to-day. They were discussing the policy of the war. The question in agitation was, or what at least seemed to be the paramount question, "Should the negro be used or not?" (Cries of "Yes," "yes," and "No," "no.") Well, I find my audience precisely as I found the Senate (laughter and applause). Some said "yes," and some said "no"—just as you are saying (laughter). [A VOICE—"Will you give us a soldier's opinion?"] Yes, let me speak about that as a soldier ("Good"), not as a politician. ["Don't want any politicians."] He would be a poor soldier, in my opinion, who would fail to use every element of war which God Almighty gave him, if he could use it to his advantage (prolonged and enthusiastic cheering). I think you concur with me in that at least (cries of "Certainly we do"; "Every sensible man will"). Now, then, if we find the negro before us, or around us, as we advance, planted there by some accident—Providence may have had a great deal to do with it—and we can find his services available, would not that General be a crazy man who would refuse to use them? ("Most assuredly," and applause.) So it seems to me, and my position may be plainly stated upon that. If by the services of a negro I can make my soldiers comfortable; if by the services of a band of negroes I can relieve them of onerous duties and hard work; if I can make them available to dig my trenches ("That's right"), shall I not do it? (Cries of "Yes," "yes." Loud applause.) Yes, and I will do it (vociferous cheering). [A VOICE—"Soldiers will follow you to the death for that." Another VOICE—"Put no arms in their hands." Several VOICES—"Oh, yes, as many as they want."] Now, then, let me speak about that (cries of "All right now"; "You are a mighty good boy"). If I accept of the services of a negro, and he works well and faithfully, fed by us, clothed by us, and he stands by my gallant regiment, relieving them of the hard duties I have mentioned, would it be human, would it not be cruel, to put him into the army, in the way of shot, and yet give him nothing with which to defend himself? (Cries of "That's so," and loud and continued cheering.) My fellow-citizens, I speak as a soldier all the time, recollect. I am not viewing this matter in its political aspect, for I have as much prejudice against the negro politically, and am as much opposed to slavery agitation as any of you can be. Yet where he can be made available, let us make him so. Then what shall we do with him? [A VOICE—"Place him in the rear." "No, put him to the front" (applause). A VOICE—"In the ditch."] Stop one moment, there is policy in war as well as in politics. One thing is very certain, nothing is to be so carefully guarded against as the prejudices of the soldiers, and unless it was some desperate occasion, some last resort, when even soldiers would be grateful for their assistance, I would not propose to put him in the line of battle to the front ("That's the true doctrine," and applause). But to every brigade I would have a regiment of working negroes—to every company I would have a fair complement of cooks (applause). I would feed them, I would organize them, and to each one who did good service I would at the end of the war give him or her freedom (immense cheering). Let me make one remark further. The common impression has been that this was a war in which we had all the advantages. Now, then, listen to my practical experience. I tell you it has not been such a war of inequality in our favor as many suppose. I have visited plantations in the course of marches. I have asked, Where is the man of the house? He is in the army. I have looked around. I have seen his harvest field full of stalwart negroes. They reap his harvest and they put it away as well and as carefully as if the man had been at home and not in the army; and what was the result? He had plenty to eat—a superabundance—some of which he was sure would come to the sustenance of that Southern army. There are supposed to be 4,000,000 of negroes. Do you suppose that Jefferson Davis, if we went humbly to him beseeching such a thing, proposing to him: You have 4,000,000 of operatives belonging to your people in the South; under our policy we may not touch them—not molest them. We will leave them upon your farms to work, will you agree to leave us 4,000,000 of operatives home on our farms, in our shops, unmolested? Do you suppose that Jefferson Davis would agree to that? (No!) Yet he would have to agree to it before equality of advantage was established between us (applause). Jefferson Davis is a better manager, because he is a desperate man (applause). Our army upon the James River is said to be in danger. How true that is I do not know. I hope it is false. Well, if that is true, and they come back, what becomes of the good government that those of us who have been in the field have been fighting for? To say the least, it becomes imperilled. Now, then, what do you think of the legislator who will sit in the halls of our Congress and be afraid to use the power of the government to sustain the government? ("That's it." "Hit 'em.") Jeff. Davis early in this war impressed men. He was not afraid. He saw the necessity of it, and he, being a bold man, resorted to impressment. We want soldiers, and want them quickly. There is a way to get them. In time they will come by volunteering, but the exigencies of the moment are so great, it is dangerous to wait. Will this Congress, before it adjourns—and the time of its adjournment, I am told, approaches—will it have the courage to leave behind on the statute-book a drafting law? I fear not ("Yes, they will"). And yet they ought by all means, because the time may come when every strong arm in the North and in the Border States, too, may be required to sustain the government (True!) We have been dealing in affectations. Let us discard them. We have been accused of vanity by the people of the Old World. All peoples are vain. It was natural that we should be. Let us not carry our vanity, however, to the point of destruction. If need be, I repeat again, let us summon to the battle-field every man in the land who can carry a gun or stand beneath the flag (loud applause). Now, then, fellow-citizens, I have really made you a speech, when I did not intend to. Oh, if I could get a little backbone into those who are governing us (applause). If I could but animate them to use the great powers that God has given us in one year, the very results of the prosperity he has given us. If I could but stimulate them to the point of courage when they dare do their duty as our soldiers in the field dare to march to the cannon's mouth, and I could induce them to let us make *war,* that is all I ask (loud applause). And there may be some around us now. I turn to them, and in the name of the soldiery, the regiments I command, and say that I want to be allowed the privilege, when I march through secession districts, to make my soldiers comfortable on secession property (applause). [A VOICE—"Remove McDowell."] Understand me. I would not make war barbarous. I would cultivate every amenity that belongs to civilized warfare, and God knows they are few enough (laughter). But I never again want to lead a column of troops through a land rich with comforts and luxuries belonging to the enemy of my government without having the privilege of giving a portion of them at least to the gallant soldier who follows me ("good" and applause). In conclusion, my fellow-citizens, I say again I am very grateful for this honor. He retired amid great applause.

Gen. Carey, of Ohio, followed. He said that his recent journeying through fifteen States had enabled him to know something of the feeling of the people; and he could say that, if the proper policy were inaugurated by the government, there would be no necessity for conscription or drafting to fill the call for 300,000 troops. Make it the policy of the war to put down the rebellion at any sacrifice, and men and money enough would be forthcoming. He had found, wherever he went, the people desirous of confiscating the property of rebels, and using their slaves to put down the insurrection. He ridiculed the practice of releasing rebels, who had no honor, on parole of honor.

Senator Lane, of Indiana, urged the duty of the people to respond promptly, manfully, bravely, and fully to the President's call for more troops. He added that, in his judgment, in order to have a prompt answer, the conduct of the war must be other than it had been. The government must use every means that God and nature placed in its hands. If necessary, he would lay waste the rebel States, and make them as barren as Sahara; he would subsist our armies on the country of the enemy; he would cashier any general officer who placed a soldier to guard a rebel's property, and would hand his name down to eternal infamy.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, after declaring that a patriot's duty at this crisis was to throw his doubts to the wind, to lay his partialities and his prejudices upon the altar of his country, urged submission, when the President, in the exercise of his high prerogative, displaced a General dear to the country, or retained a General whose policy was at variance with its wishes. He seemed to see a star of promise in the horizon, a new policy in the conduct of the war dawning. The voice of the people had spoken in the Senate that day, and he believed that the President would heed it. He believed that the war would henceforward be conducted on war principles, and that loyal soldiers who had left happy homes to expose themselves and to forfeit their lives in the service of their country, would no longer be detailed to guard the property of rebels who were doubly traitors.

Speeches were also made by Representatives Dunn, White, and Porter of Indiana, in the same general strain.

THE SLAVES MUST HELP.

From The Toronto Globe.

WE look upon the events of the last few days as certain to cause a prolongation of the war for some months. The South will have increased courage to resist; the North will need a greater number of men, who cannot be drilled in a day nor a month. Thousands of lives must be sacrificed, because the Washington authorities did not appreciate the situation. It is the old mistake of civilians directing military operations at a distance. Can it be wondered, as the prospect of the end of the rebellion becomes more remote, as it becomes clearer, that more, and still more, Northern men will perish ere the great fight against slavery can be successfully concluded, that the American people turn with greater liking to a trenchant weapon which they have within their reach, but hitherto have not used? It is one of the most extraordinary proofs of the force of an idea, that the Northern people have not long ere this insisted on the slaves being enlisted in their cause. They have been told so long that the realm of slavery is sacred soil, not to be profaned by Northern foot, that they cannot rid themselves of the idea, even when they are at deadly war with those who inculcated it. The North could enrol one hundred thousand colored men to work and fight for them, men who know the country, who can endure the climate better than the Southern white, who would fight with desperation, feeling that victory would bring freedom and defeat death. Yet they are not enrolled. The North has not yet forgotten the crack of the slaveholder's whip in Congress. Supposing England engaged in a life and death struggle with the United States, how long would she neglect the opportunity of securing the coöperation of the slaves. Not an hour. She would hold that military policy and humanitarian motives combined to make such a movement advisable. Why should not the North adopt it? We deny altogether that it would lead to rapine. We believe that the blacks would be submissive and docile to their officers, and not so likely to ravage and murder as white soldiers. Let the Generals in command of the various armies along the shores of the Gulf proclaim liberty to all slaves who will join the standard; let them be drilled and armed, and used along with white troops, so that they may be under control until discipline is fully established. At the close of the war a large portion of the able bodied men would be free, and the slavery question would have received its solution. Already, Gen. Hunter has taken 1,000 colored men into his army, and has drilled them. His action has been approved of by the House of Representatives, after long debate, and his policy will probably be adopted on a larger scale at no distant day. Emancipation advances with every month's resistance of the Slave Power. If Mr. Davis holds out another year, there will not be a slave left in the States at end of 1863.

INSTRUCTIONS RELATIVE TO LOYAL BLACKS.

AMONG the documents sent to the Senate on the 10th inst., in response to a resolution calling for correspondence and instructions relative to loyal blacks coming within the lines of the Union armies, are the following instructions from the Secretary of War to Brig.-Gen Saxton, who recently sailed for Port Royal:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, June 16, 1862.

SIR: You are hereby assigned to duty in the Department of the South, to act under the orders of the Secretary of War. You are directed to take possession of all the plantations heretofore occupied by the rebels and take charge of the inhabitants thereon within the Department, or which the fortunes of the war may hereafter bring into it, with authority to take such measures and make such rules and regulations for the cultivation of the land, and for the protection, employment and government of the inhabitants, as circumstances may seem to require.

You are authorized to exercise all sanitary and police powers that may be necessary for the health and security of the persons under your charge, and may imprison or exclude all disorderly, disobedient, or dangerous persons from the limits of your operations. The Major-General commanding the Department of the South will be instructed to give you all the military aid and protection necessary to enable you to carry out the views of the government.

You will have the power to act upon the decisions of courts-martial which are called for the trial of persons not in the military service to the same extent that a commander of a department has over courts-martial called for the trial of soldiers in his department; and, so far as the persons above described are concerned, you will also have a general control over the action of the Provost-Marshals.

It is expressly understood that so far as the persons and purposes herein specified are concerned, your action will be independent of that of other military authorities of the department, and in all other cases subordinate only to the Major-General commanding. In cases of need or destitution of the inhabitants, you are directed to issue such portions of the army rations and such articles of clothing as may be suitable to the habits and wants of the persons supplied, which articles will be furnished by the Quartermaster or Commissary of the Department of the South, upon requisitions furnished by yourself.

It is expected that by encouraging industry, skill in the cultivation of the necessaries of life and general self-improvement, you will, as far as possible, promote the real well-being of all the people under your charge. Medical and ordnance stores will be furnished by the proper officers, which you will distribute and use according to your instructions. You will account regularly with the proper Bureau of this Department, and report frequently, once a week at least.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

To Brig.-Gen. R. SAXTON.

Gen. Butler, writing from the Department of Virginia, May 2, 1861, said he was perplexed with a new difficulty. He had negro property to the amount of $60,000—a portion of them women and children, not able-bodied laborers. He passed to credit all labor performed, and charged all goods and rations furnished them. He says: "As a military question it would seem to be a measure of necessity to deprive their masters of their services; as a political question and a question of humanity, can I receive the service of a father and mother and not take the children? Of the humanitarian aspect (I have no doubt of the political one) I have no right to judge."

Secretary Cameron, May 30, 1861, writes to Gen. Butler that his action is approved. August 8 he writes again, saying that it was the desire of the President that all existing rights in loyal States should be preserved, but that in States wholly or partially under insurrectionary control these rights must necessarily come under military authority; that all slaves should be received, and no claim be allowed to disloyal owners for the services of slaves. Under date of Sept. 20, 1861, the Secretary of War directs Gen. Wool to send contrabands to Gen. McClellan, and on the 22d orders them to be returned for service on the Southern coast.

October 5, he directs 1,000 of them to be prepared to accompany Gen. Sherman. Assistant-Secretary Scott writes to Gen. Sherman, October 14, to employ fugitives in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees, or if special services seem to require it, in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you may deem beneficial to the service, this being not, however, a general arming of them for military services. Maj.-Gen. Wool writes from Fortress Monroe, November 25, inquiring about the pay of contrabands. He says some of the officers paid on account of the government $20 for laborers. He allowed $10 and subsistence, and wished to reduce all to that price.

The Secretary communicated his approval. Gen. Phelps writes from Camp Parapet, New Carrollton, La., giving particulars of the sending of slaves, bag and baggage, to his lines by Mr. Babilliard Le Branch, who tells that the Yankees are king here now, and that they must go to their king for food and shelter. He enlarges upon their peculiar condition; comments upon the utter failure of the government to recognize their rights; discusses the elements of insurrection existing in Louisiana; refers to the effect of the slave-labor system on society there; considers the question of emancipation; intimates that compromise will hereafter be made with labor and not with politicians; favors the policy of immediate abolition, and closes with a statement of the wants of the fugitives before his lines, asking instructions. He says the new article of war is the first support he has yet had from the government. He thinks Mr. Branch, who professes to be loyal, recognizes the emancipation as an impending fact. Gen. Butler, June 18, 1862, gives further details of the above case, and asks for instructions.

The Secretary of War, July 3, 1862, writes to Gen. Butler:

"He (the President) is of opinion that under the law of Congress they cannot be sent back to their masters; that in common humanity they must not be permitted to suffer for want of food, shelter, or other necessaries of life; that, to this end, they should be provided for by the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, and that those who are capable of laboring should be set to work and paid reasonable wages. The President *indicating* this, does not assume to settle any general rule at present with regard to the slaves."

THE "WHITE-KID-GLOVE" WAR POLICY DENOUNCED.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. PITT FESSENDEN.

[In the Senate, on the 9th inst., the bill for calling out the militia being under consideration, Mr. GRIMES of Iowa offered an amendment providing that there shall be no exemption from military service on account of color. Mr. FESSENDEN of Maine thereupon made a speech, in substance as follows:]

THIS bill, sir, is thought to be an object of necessity, and is designed, as I understand it—and we may as well tell the truth about it, for we have nothing to conceal here—to meet any possible contingency which may be supposed to arise from any difficulty in raising troops by enlistment at once, as soon as they may be required; and therefore it is proposed to give the President power to call out the militia, and to call on all loyal persons without distinction of color, for such a time as to make their services available. That is the position, and, sir, I am in favor of this bill, if it is thought advisable by the Committee on Military Affairs to pass it. I don't know, sir, but it may be necessary to go a step further, and to provide specifically for calling out men by drafting. And I am ready to do that if it is thought advisable. It is not advisable at this moment, but as Congress is to adjourn very soon, I understand that by this bill it is proposed to meet any contingency that may arise during the adjournment of Congress, and as such I think it is a wise and precautionary measure. But, sir, it may be worth while to inquire why this contingency is possible, and we may as well look the matter in the face. It is because apprehensions are entertained that there will not be that readiness to enlist that there was heretofore, and I am perfectly willing to state here that in my own State there is not that readiness to enlist. There is not that enthusiasm with regard to enlistments. Have they lost any interest in the war? Not a particle. Have they lost anything of that determination which existed formerly to do anything and everything which may be necessary to put down this rebellion? Not at all. Not in any shape or form. But they do feel, sir, that the war must be conducted upon some different principles than those upon which it has been conducted hitherto; that is to say, there should not be, on the part of the military authorities of the country, that extreme tenderness and delicacy toward men who have no tenderness to us except that of the wolf toward the lamb; but they should be met, if not in the same spirit, yet in a spirit able to

necessity of the case, from the common sense of the thing. Let me ask my friend from Delaware (Mr. Saulsbury) if he was engaged in a contest where his own life was in danger and peril, and the servants of his enemy should come to him and say: "We will give you aid that may save you, dig trenches, or do anything for you," would he repel them? Any man who could act thus has not even common sense, and has not capacity to manage his own life affairs. I have said thus much, sir, simply to illustrate my idea, which is this, that if we expect the people of this country to come forward willingly, under any pressure except the absolute necessity, with their whole hearts and souls, to fight this battle out, I tell the President, in my place here as a Senator, and I tell Generals of our army, that they must reverse their practice and their course. I know that in some quarters I am called a Conservative, and I believe I am. I do not say things here without full deliberation, and I say this after full reflection and deliberation, because I think it ought to be said, and to be said in public. It is my opinion that this white-kid glove warfare won't do. We must act upon common sense principles, and must do what all men would do in such a case—avail ourselves of all the means which the Great Ruler of the universe has placed in our power to overwhelm these wretches who are thus making war upon us, upon civilization, and upon humanity. I would do nothing that a Christian and civilized nation ought not to do. I would not employ savages, and bring back the days of the tomahawk and scalping knife. I would not employ these negroes unless I could control them. But everything that is within the usages of civilized warfare I would do, and I think it ought to be done. There is another thing where I think there has been a mistake made, that is, trying to deceive the people by calling a defeat a great strategic movement, and by giving false names to things under the idea that it will not do to give the people of the country the truth, just precisely as it is. That is just what ought to be done; tell the people the truth, and resort to no artifice or concealment. Of course I do not speak of those concealments which are necessary to conceal facts from the enemy. But the idea of hesitating to tell the free and intelligent people of this country precisely what the state of things is, and what is needed to effect their purposes, is an illusion and folly. The people of my State and the people of this country are intelligent, reading people, and they are the people who support this war; their hearts are in it as much as ours. Let them know, then, plainly, what your necessities are and what will be required of them. I was very much amused the other day at seeing an address of the Governors of the different States addressed to the President requesting him to call out more troops, for they thought it might be necessary in the course of coming events. What did it all mean? It meant that the President and the government thought that they needed more troops; that our ranks had been thinned by disease and the enemy. Didn't we all know it? Didn't the enemy know it? Didn't everybody know that we wanted more men? Then why not say so? Now, and quick, tell the truth—why we want them, and how soon? Appeal to the people, and let them know what we require for the purposes of the country. Deal with them honestly, and you will get a response from every true Northern heart. Therefore, I hope this policy will be abandoned, and hereafter we shall speak the truth. I have not stood up here to condemn any man, or this or that General, or the President. I respect the President. I have stood by him, and I shall stand by him. I have done all I could and contributed all I could to the support of this war and of our Generals, and I shall continue to do so. If they make mistakes, I can forgive them. Men are not always wise, or able to do the very best things. If they do the best they can, I can bid them God speed and go on to fight this battle till they conquer. But tell me the truth, and treat your enemies as enemies and the worst of enemies. Avail yourselves, like men, of every power which God has placed in your hands to accomplish your purposes, within the reach of civilized warfare. But the man who tampers with this question, and who talks against employing negroes for services which they are ready and able to do, leads me to doubt, sometimes, whether, after all, there is not something wanting in the heart. The people, by this bill, are called upon to contribute more men; and if you wish them to do it with hearts in their bosoms, you must show that you have some feeling for them; you must spare them from every trouble, annoyance, and exposure that you can—and God knows they will have enough in such a warfare and with such an enemy.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

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HAVE YE YOUR HEART YET HARDENED?

THERE are many encouraging signs of progress in the anti-slavery cause, but we yet look in vain for the one most needful, the repentance and reformation of a guilty people.

Men in this world have their choice of two ways in which they may fulfil God's purposes. Whether they will fulfil them or not is not a question. They *must* be workers together with Him, either positively or negatively. God's purposes always are and always will be fulfilled; His laws never were and never can be broken. But it is for each individual and each generation to decide whether they will fulfil this function by willing obedience, reaping the fruit thereof in welfare, or by suffering the inevitable ill consequences of disobedience, and thus becoming a warning to all coming generations against commission of the particular vice in question.

Our nation, from the beginning of its history, has been an oppressor of the weak. Our pilgrim fathers, persecuted abroad, themselves became persecutors as soon as circumstances allowed them to take such a position. They fined, imprisoned, whipped and banished the Baptists and Quakers; they cheated, slaughtered and expelled the Indians; they enslaved the negroes; and when time and circumstances had set free a portion of the class last mentioned, we, their successors, have established customs and enacted laws to prevent those unfortunates from gaining the natural advantages of freedom, and then have attempted to justify these laws and customs by the false and self-contradictory pretence of inferiority and incapacity on the part of our victims.

"God's mill grinds slowly, but it grinds exceeding small." We have seen in the recorded histories of many nations how injustice has wrought ruin upon them. The very Bible which we praise and quote as sacred foretold the ruin of the Hebrew nation for oppression less aggravated than we are now practising, and we quote the fulfilment of that prediction as evidence that God really rules this world, and will render to nations, and to individuals, according to their deeds. We read in that book this terrible warning: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine." We boast of the fulfilment of predictions like this as one of the unquestionable proofs that our God is the true God, and our religion divine. And yet, after having committed the very sin in question, under circumstances of special aggravation, through the whole of our national history, and after having seen numerous and various limitations of our welfare spring from this same root, and increase in geometrical progression, until a gigantic war, fulfilling the first part of the prophetic threat, gives promise of drawing pestilence and famine in its train—after watching so far this terrible sequence of cause and effect, we deliberately continue and aggravate the cause, and offer ourselves anew to the mill-stone of retribution. And yet we wonder at the people of Portici and Torre del Greco for building their houses again and again on the very spots so often overwhelmed by the eruptions of Vesuvius.

Peace or war, Union or disunion, quiet or turmoil, this nation cannot have enduring prosperity until it shall cease from its oppressions. At this moment the providence of God, through the unusual vehicle of war, extends to us the opportunity of undoing the evil we have done. In an evil hour, our fathers made an agreement with Hell, seeking to establish legal authority for sin. For thirty years past, the prophets who have summoned us to repentance for this sin have been answered by a majority of the people, and by their religious and political leaders—"We cannot in justice do what you require: as honest men, we must stand by our agreement." While things were in this position, suddenly Hell threw up the agreement, and seceded from the partnership. Had there been one particle of sincerity in our previous excuses, should we not have joyfully welcomed this release, and used the unlooked-for opportunity to place ourselves in the right position? Since the newly created dictator, Martial Law, through the very act of our late accomplices, had received a formal authorization, not existing before, to put an end to the wicked slave system, and in a moment to free us from the entanglements and complications it has formed, should we not have joyfully embraced this opportunity, and made all speed to strike the decisive blow? Seldom is such an opportunity granted to man. Yet more rarely does such an opportunity, once neglected, return.

The President, whose authority was ample to decree the abolition of slavery from the very commencement of the rebellion, and whose influence (such divinity doth hedge the chief of a nation) would have sufficed to unite the nation in carrying it into effect, refrained from action. The Generals, whose powers were sufficient to accomplish the same work, each in his own field of military operation, also refrained, with a few honorable exceptions, exceptions whose action was promptly revoked, by special interference of the President. Congress, which, in time of war, had the same action within its legitimate sphere, also refrained, and the great work yet remains undone. All this, disgraceful indeed to these functionaries, was of small consequence to the nation, had the nation itself been right; for the briefest declaration of the nation's will would have set these waiters upon Providence about their duty. The nation itself, alas, still remains impenitent.

Even this is not the worst. Far from applying ourselves to uproot the central evil, we are putting new grafts of Upas into the boughs of our national tree. The people of Illinois, voting recently on a new Constitution (framed for them last winter by a Convention, many of whose members called themselves Democrats), have deliberately tried to perpetuate among them the meanest and basest of the results of slavery, persecution of free colored people. Separate votes were taken upon the two following propositions, which were agreed to by large majorities:

"No negro or mulatto shall migrate to or settle in this State (of Illinois) after the adoption of this Constitution.

"No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage, or hold any office in this State."

Since the new Constitution was rejected, and since the wicked articles separately voted on as above were clauses attached to this, and since the technical words necessary to make them amendments of the old Constitution were not added—these clauses have yet as little authority in law as in justice. But this is a small consolation while the people remain disposed to enact and to carry out such laws. If these things are done in the green tree, what wonder that the dry should be hardened beyond the possibility of impression from justice or humanity! If citizens of the *free* State of Illinois do not see the depth of disgrace with which such an act covers them, the blot on their State which it prepares for the record of history, the loss to their industry from the exclusion of willing labor, and the injury to their children from education under a system so meanly proscriptive, what wonder that the slave States seem possessed by a depravity as nearly total as God's image, originally impressed upon man, will allow? What wonder that New Orleans ladies, externally refined, spat in the faces and on the uniforms of the Northern soldiers, until Butler's threat of the calaboose withheld them? What wonder that elaborate testimony shows the most fashionable, elegant and accomplished ladies of Beaufort to have been most cruel of all the slaveholders, and most dreaded by the slaves? What wonder that the enormity of wickedness which is getting revealed to the eyes of our soldiers in the South is fast making Abolitionists of them?

Unfortunately, those who see with their own eyes these habitations of cruelty are comparatively few, counting only by thousands; while the millions at the North go on in the old way, adhering to their old partisan limitations, listening to the time-serving clergymen who keep on daubing with untempered mortar, and reading a periodical literature, religious and political, which has scarcely begun to reform from the corruption generated by its long alliance with slavery. What hope, what help is there, for a people thus joined to their idols?

Nothing but repentance and reformation will avail. Yet here, the small fragments of reformation recently commenced are without repentance; are nothing but a change of policy, proposed and adopted from motives of temporal expediency.

Can these dry bones live? Must not the word of the Lord be speedily fulfilled against such a nation as this? If the voices of Garrison and Cheever are still disregarded, would this people hear though one rose from the dead?

GOT HIS EYES OPEN AT LAST.—The Military Governor of Tennessee, taught by experience, has come to the conclusion at last that the rebels are not to be won back into the Union by the rose-water method. In a speech delivered in Nashville on the Fourth he said:

"The spirit of secession must be subdued and controlled by force. The strong arm of the government must be bared and justice must do her work. We may as well understand the fact first as last, and go to work rationally. Without force and power to coerce we have no government. How have matters gone on heretofore? Why, when the Union army came here, the first to run to it for protection and privileges were secessionists, who got promises of protection if they would remain neutral. On the other hand, the poor Union men were terrified with threats of vengeance if the rebel army should return. The secessionist was protected by the Union army, and was equally confident of protection should the rebel army return; so he felt perfectly easy. The Union man dreaded utter ruin, should a reverse occur, and was filled with perpetual alarm. So, under this strange policy, the rebe had two guaranties and the Union man but one. It is time this was stopped. The time has arrived when treason must be made odious and traitors impoverished. These men have used their property to destroy the government, and fill the land with bankruptcy and distress; they have given their wealth freely to aid rebellion and treason, and drench the land in fraternal blood, and crush out the last vestige of liberty, and their property should be taken from them to defray the expenses of the war. They are the guilty ones."

If Gov. Johnson and those who sent him to Tennessee, instead of scoffing at the "radicals" as fanatical and vindictive, had been willing to listen to their counsel, they need not have wasted three or four months in vain endeavors to conciliate the authors and promoters of the rebellion by promises to protect their slave property—promises which have only earned for the government the contempt of the rebels.

BLACK FREEMASONRY.—In the work, "*Among the Pines*," a notice of which we copied last week from the Norfolk County (Mass.) *Journal*, it is stated that there exists among the Southern blacks a secret and wide-spread organization which has able leaders, and whose ultimate object is FREEDOM. This statement having been discredited by Northern secession journals, the writer of the book has authorized *The Tribune* to say, that he has given in "*Among the Pines*" but a tithe of the *whole* truth in his possession in regard to that organization. That while he has in that work introduced only a single leader, he has *personal* knowledge of over twenty, and has the names and residences of over five hundred who can control, at the tap of a drum, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND able-bodied fighting men. The names of these leaders, and all the particulars in regard to that organization, he is at liberty to communicate (they having been confided to him for that purpose) to the government, whenever it is prepared to resort in quelling this rebellion to all the means that are justified by civilized warfare.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECH, to which we gave place last week, was copied in full in the daily *Times* of last Sunday, and duly credited to this journal. *The Times* has copied speeches of Mr. Phillips before, but always heretofore with severely disparaging comments. This time, for a wonder, it neither puts in a disclaimer, nor seeks to break the force of the speaker's argument by ridicule.

SPEECH BY J. M. MCKIM.—We shall publish next week a speech delivered in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., by JAMES MILLER MCKIM, and embodying the results of his personal observations during a recent visit to the Sea Islands of South Carolina. It will afford our readers a rich treat.

SPEECH OF E. H. HEYWOOD,

At Framingham, Mass., July 4, 1862.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is the Fourth of July—a day that smacks of earthquake and revolution; a day remindful of events which appealed from expediency and tradition to the inner facts of nature, from governments to justice, from men to man. Granting all that is claimed for the birth-hour of a great people, that the Declaration of Independence might be the programme of the millennium even, the Abolitionists long ago leapt into this pulpit to preach repentance to Democratic oppressors and deliverance to their enslaved victim. This negro question is no ephemera of fanaticism, no mushroom of a night; its roots widen to all races and deepen through the strata of centuries. What we see to-day—commerce ruined, manufactures unmade, industry beggared, Churches sundered, parties in fragments, the Union "lying loose around," and millions of Americans in the death-grapple—all this has been a great while preparing. Water trickling behind Alpine rocks is unobserved, until the thunder of the avalanche announces the work of years, perhaps of centuries.

The strife of politics is merely a strife between the ins and the outs. One party climbs on the people to power, and kicks away the ladder, which is again picked up by a second, ascending to pull down the first. There is so much downwardness in human nature, so dishonestly and effectually did the fathers, who demanded impartial liberty, confer slavery, that the chief task of the Abolition movement—as indeed of all moral reform, the root of its rare patriotism and profound religious significance—has been not so much to unify this nation as to break it up; not so much to organize men into bodies as to unorganize them into individuals, as Jesus did; to drag these States out of the by-paths of cowardice and hypocrisy, and relaunch them on the high road of truth and instinct; to harmonize society with natural law, and enable the body politic to move under the impulsion of the Divine Heart. Hence its power; hence the South flying from the Northern conscience; hell seceding from heaven; or, as the Carolina negro expressed it, when he was asked why he expected deliverance from the North—"Because," said he, "in a dream, the Lord appeared to me in the form of a Yankee" (laughter and applause).

No government, however powerful, no institution, however deeply rooted in present emolument or traditional favor, has been able to withstand the application of this moral force method. A few strong men, appealing to the common sense of the English mind, unfrocked bishops, disbanded parliaments, sent one monarch to the block, and turned another like Nebuchadnezzar out to pasture upon the continent. An insolent sovereign could afford to flout the great religious poet and reformer of that period as "a blind adder spitting his venom upon the king's person," but who now does not love to rise, from the cricket chirp of Charles Stuart, to the sphere harmony of Milton and impartial liberty? "I am the State," was the proud boast of Louis XIV. in the seat of Charlemagne, with the Church kneeling at his feet and the army waiting at his gates, as he plotted the subjugation of empires; but in the quiet chamber of some modest thinker—of Pascal, or Charon, or Rosseau—you may find the drop of Democratic truth, whose electric forces shattered that throne to the four quarters of Europe. With this free platform for a pulpit, with the broad acres of Democracy for a diocese, we will yet make an Eden of this bare garden of the West, and lift America to the level of Calvary. The highest office is not to be President or king, but to be right. If servant girls, ploughboys and gravel-tossers are with us in a moral issue, Wall street and Washington must come round. They called you a fanatic, sir, but in asserting fair play for black men, you stood behind the Declaration of Independence and Plymouth Rock, behind Hampden and Magna Charta, behind Luther and Jesus, behind human nature and the throne of Infinite Truth.

A German play makes Adam cross the stage, going *to be* created (laughter). Democracy here is just in that State—in embryo; has not taken to feet and life; has not uttered itself in organic forms, cut its wisdom teeth. Young, athletic, dreamy, feeling within stirrings of a great future, hearing distant voices calling it to high destinies, yet the gristle of Democratic sentiment has not hardened into the bone of manly purpose. Nature is a stern schoolmistress, and still holds the race to the primary benches. Massachusetts even, the best State in history, has not yet graduated from the infant school of human rights. The same men who brought Magna Charta to Bunker Hill, the same hands that smoked with the blood of British tyrants, spread the shield of Federal law over the slave pens of the South. Within the same year, the first slave ship cursed the soil of Virginia, and the free feet of the Pilgrims consecrated Plymouth Rock. From those two opposite points have arisen two hostile, belligerent, defiant types of society; or rather, a society and a chaos: the one rising and broadening into the freest, purest, most energetic and beneficent civilization known to history; the other, treading under its impious feet all the guaranties of human rights which the toil and agony of ages have erected, would make the Republic itself a stepping-stone whence to vault into the throne of a universal slave empire.

This conflict now raging through the Republic is simply, then, the old battle between despotism and the people—feudalism against the free cities, Cavaliers against Roundheads, old Sarum against Manchester. What the Tarquins were to Rome, what the Hapsburghs are to Hungary, what the Stuarts were to England, what George the Third was to the Colonies, that slaveholders are to the States. As a portion of the people, I do you the honor to suppose that you do not intend to be abolished. Well, then, abolish slaveholders!—for one of you must go under (applause).

As you said, sir, in the opening, this is the progress in national affairs since the war. Happily, Southern interests among us are at somewhat of a discount. The explanation of it is this. The Democratic masses of the North have been made to face the music; have been brought in collision with their natural, despotic enemies of the South. But it is not so much a change of sentiment and principles as a change of relations. Slavery has not changed. When Jefferson Davis spoke in Faneuil Hall, and waltzed with the beauty of New England, he was as really a pirate as now; for every thread of his garments was the stolen earnings of the slave. The war—it is only a thunder-clap in dog-days to clear the atmosphere; it is an earthquake coming up under our feet, jostling apart States built on an unnatural basis. It unmasks slavery, and makes it sit for its portrait; reveals the foot of clay in the silver slipper. "When rogues fall out, honest men come to their own." Herein is the hope of the slave. That is why you have thought that this roll of Federal drums, crossing the continent with the morning light, will yet end in the grand chorus of the negro's redemption.

An impression has got abroad, that the negro's freedom, if not guaranteed, is at least pledged; that this moral force agitation, passing from words to blows, is superseded by the conflict at arms; thought unplumed by the sword, and "Othello's occupation gone," this Society may adjourn to heaven on the wings of jubilee. True, the negro's freedom was always assured. Launching a great principle, abolition, from the first, was only a question of time—how long these children of the Declaration of Independence could resist self-evident truth, could defy the laws of nature, stem the tide of events, and fight up against the frowning wrath of God's retribution. Here a refluent ripple, there a wave breaks and rolls back, but the great flood steadily advances. The cause, which has gone through England, which has gone through France, Holland, Turkey, Russia; the cause which has scaled and captured every throne of Europe, will not be strangled here by a fibre of secession cotton. When this gigantic system trembled under the single blow of Haper's Ferry, Mr. Virginia Hunter, in the Senate, said, "If slavery ever stands on bayonets, it will fall." It is there, Mr. Hunter; stand from under! (Applause.) Moreover, the late rapid and determined strides of this cause, compared with its early halting progress, bespeak the goal.

"A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way."

Our country never walked so erect as in the present calamity. The suppression of the foreign slave trade, abolition in the District, the consecration of the Territories to freedom, and the spirit of the age, electric with free ideas, floating through every crevice and fissure of its shattered system, reveal the beginning of the end of slavery.

Then we have a President who at least tries to represent the people. This confidence in his executive ability and good intentions, this general applause of all parties, is unexampled in our politics; and though not born like Alexander upon the steps of a throne, or like Cæsar in the folds of imperial purple, if the President but carry emancipation, all the nations shall greet him with royal thanks, and history crown him with a nobler laurel than has graced the Father of his Country (applause); for while George Washington, in putting his hand, red with the life of tyrants, to the slave clauses of the Constitution of '89, wittingly or unwittingly, consigned the weaker race to chains, may it be the good fortune of Abraham Lincoln, by tearing out that "stripe of blood," to redeem the good old pledge, and make the "cause of America the cause of human nature" (applause).

I am aware, sir, also, that our government compares favorably, in respect of justice and efficiency, with any of which history brings us the account. If the hot violence which bound Indian Sepoys (English rebels) to the muzzle of English guns, to be blown to fragments, had inflamed our people, Mason and Slidell, instead of crossing the Atlantic from Fort Warren, would have been invited to a hasty cup of that British tea at the bottom of Boston harbor. The last question asked in Parliament of West India emancipation was, "Will it be safe for the master longer to retain his slaves?" The only gospel light which Louis Napoleon respects from Italy is the gleam of Orsini's dagger and Garibaldi's sword; while the ultimate argument for emancipation with Alexander of Russia, is the thin film separating his feet from the fiery gulf of insurrection. But let not these hallelujahs take you off your feet. We are not yet out of the woods. Neither an efficient government, nor late successes, nor good intentions of the President, can redeem an impenitent pro-slavery people. Good intentions! "Hell is paved with good intentions." We have passed the "slough of despond," but not Apollyon or the valley of humiliation. Grave in victory, cheerful in defeat, you will "think nothing done while anything remains undone." When Illinois flares a new code of atrocious black laws in the face of the age—when manacled fugitives from the marble steps of the Capitol are handed back to bondage—when millions are in chains yet recognized as legal by a *Republican* Administration—when slavery is strong enough, holding one race under its feet, and keeping 20,000,000 of another race at bay, to decimate the finest army raised in modern times—it is no time for Abolitionists to resign. So long as the best President can merely represent an unregenerate people, so long as that capillary column of water in the White House can only balance the ocean without, I prefer to believe in God rather than in Abraham Lincoln—to appeal to the eternal moral sense of the people, which was before governments and will survive them.

But a little while ago, you recoiled with horror from Federal officers. They would apologize for slavery, hunt fugitives, raise mobs, and all because they accepted the government as a fixed fact, with all its respectable crimes. Well, stripping the Democrats of their official robes, the Republicans have crept into the same poisoned shirt. May we not fear lest they lose their souls also? In Boston, it is yet to be proved whether or no there *is* a path from the Custom-House to heaven. I allow the Republican party has done well. It attempted all that could be done inside of our government, and girdling slavery with the fire of non-extension until the scorpion should sting itself to death, it was an earnest and heroic effort on the part of the people to do the best thing with the institutions on hand. The reason Massachusetts reaches over Beacon street and Harvard College, and lifts Henry Wilson into the Senate of the United States is not from any Young America recklessness or want of respect for cultured dignity, as the heartless scholarship of *The Courier* affirms, but because there has been more efficient politics, more practical statesmanship hammered out on that cobbler's lapstone than the classic brain of Everett, with his world-embracing learning, ever knew (applause). But the Republican party did as little as possible. They only struck at a twig of the system, not at the tree itself. You Abolitionists were so "rash," so "radical"!—but they found a tiger while beating the jungle for a deer; and quailing before him, after having fought their way to the Capitol on the doctrine of non-extension, they at first recognized the Territories without the guaranty of freedom; so that Mr. Wilmot entered one door of Congress just in season to see his proviso flying from the other.

I refer to these things to show you that we cannot depend, in a moral struggle, even upon the best of parties. Politicians, statesmen, scholars, theologians—why, they are only passengers scolding on the deck, whom the ocean, the people, heaving below, sail or sink at pleasure. The muttering wrath which broke out in Governor Andrew's late letter to Secretary Stanton shows the volcanic indignation which undergulfs and will overwhelm this Administration, unless it speaks for liberty. I was going to take Mayor Wightman for a target, but if he were not too dirty to touch, he is not worth the powder (laughter and applause). Let the people of Massachusetts repeat and emphasize that protest by reëlecting Mr. Andrew as Governor (applause); and if you would have your trumpet at Washington give no uncertain sound, see to it that Charles Sumner next winter is returned to the leadership of the Senate (prolonged applause). But outside and above politics is the party of justice—of justice, under whose serene, firm eye alone these trembling States can find refuge, their only interest in this conflict for truth and liberty. Having appealed to the world against the sin of their own government; flinging out "No Union with Slaveholders," as a signal of distress to the nations; holding up a fat, impenitent, recreant Church to the indignation of Christendom; outcast and execrated as "radicals," "fanatics," "infidels," "traitors"; cursed by the Church, lampooned by the press, hunted by the government; for thirty years treading alone the wine press of national wrath, the party of justice will make their way over every obstacle, against every foe, by the Constitution or in spite of the Constitution, through the Union or over the Union, to break the last fetter upon the continent (applause).

If this war is to be fought with Northern treasure and Northern blood, ought it not be fought with Northern ideas? ("Aye, aye!") Granting war to be right, until that Yankee sword, which now lightens on the black front of the South, means liberty, it is murderous, the disgrace of the nation and the age (applause). I would have Massachusetts put her foot down; say to the President, "Not another dollar or another man until you decree emancipation" (applause). God in his mercy will send defeat and disaster, even to the slaying of the first born of all your households, unless this nation lets his people go. Gen. Hunter understands this question, and responded to the impudent resolution of Wickliffe by promising, before November, to cram 50,000 black troops down the throat of Kentucky (loud applause).

These appeals to expediency and interest, this following the lead of slavery, assuring posterity that we will never be guilty of a disinterested motive, this tendency to forget the negro, even among Abolitionists, to merge everything in Union, to make Human Rights a mere bob to the kite of political success, betrays an alarming distrust of justice and human nature—more faith in Diabolism than in Divinity. It is a feeling that God is not quite strong enough to take us through this crisis; we must lean on the Devil a *little* (laughter). I distrust this cry of "Union." It is a Union under which families are sundered at the auction-block, and women sold for prostitution; a Union under which tottering, fainting age, and tender, beautiful youth, are hunted with bloodhounds; a Union under which men are burned alive for their love of liberty, and which for two generations has been a death's-head and cross-bones erected above the grave of Freedom. *This nation has forgotten God.* The tyrannic dogma of the Stuarts, dug up from the asphaltic contempt of two centuries, and robed in Republican ermine, is abroad here. We say, not "the king can do no wrong"—he is out of fashion; but the majority can do no wrong—the Union can do no wrong—the army can do no wrong. In Mr. Dickens's phrase, we "dignify all our favorite vices as institutions." Any respectable rascality may be "voted up or down."

I would not attack the President; from my baby level I could not fling a spear so high. I know his policy; it is to go to heaven backwards; to drift with the tide of events; "to float and let the current find the way"—

"To blow the villains all sky high,
But do it with economy."

(laughter). Yet from anything uttered by the Commander-in-Chief so far, the Federal army to-day is fighting for as really a selfish object as the Confederate army. I know it is an unpleasant thing to say, chiefly unpleasant because it is true. Many an officer has been cashiered for his love of liberty; where is the officer cashiered for his love of slavery? Fremont's and Hunter's orders to free men are annulled; Halleck's orders to enslave men are approved. No sane man doubts the war power of the President to abolish slavery. One stroke of his pen would annihilate the system. Indeed, the rebellion of a State is in itself a decree of emancipation to every slave in that State. These slaves are not held, then, by the laws of God, or the laws of man, but by Abraham Lincoln, the greatest slaveholder in history. I have no confidence in this death-bed conversion, this "military necessity"—I scout it. The nation that will abolish slavery merely to save itself, will establish slavery to save itself. It is idle, it is wicked, it is atheistic, for the President to make terms with men in armed defiance not only against all Federal authority, but against the laws of nations and the laws of God. Ah, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, above this war of words, above these hurtling epithets, more potently than political expediency or military necessity, louder than the shock of battle, speaks Eternal Justice—"Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

MR. GEORGE DRAPER—I would like to ask the speaker why he wants us to send back Charles Sumner, who speaks so highly of President Lincoln, when he can use such language against him?

MR. HEYWOOD—In order that Mr. Sumner, by his Territorial doctrine, may annihilate the slaveholding South (applause).

Emancipation is the method of peace and civilization—the only name under heaven by which we can live; it kills the slaveholder, and saves the man. I would have let the South go out; or, rather, repudiated her on moral grounds. The policy of the Anti-Slavery Society, for seventeen years, to dissolve the Union in behalf of liberty, to cast out slaveholders as other criminals, is the most honest, direct, practical and statesmanlike method of solving this question yet proposed. The North wants to marry the South. Well, she won't have you, and what are you going to do about it? We are two nations, and the sword, which never heals the wounds it makes, which is never wreathed in myrtle—the sword can never make us one nation. The war is no cure; it only announces the disease, that the physician may appear. You cannot illuminate men's minds by letting daylight through their bodies. As religious reformers, the sword, except to be execrated, is beneath your notice. The time will come when to wear a sword will be a greater disgrace than to hold slaves. You may think that fanatical, but I bring truth, not apology. Conquest confers no right. If my fist is bigger than yours, is that any proof that my heart is larger or my brain clearer? We must rule the South, not by the weight of our fist, but by superior ideas, larger philanthropy, more beneficent civilization; for if this nation cannot come back to the basis of justice, God grant that it may sink forever from the sight of men! (Applause.)

But to hold the South on the basis of force, even, you must innoculate her with a new principle—freedom to the blacks. This oyster must be opened with the pen, not the sword. Teamsters say, that when you have failed to catechise a baulking horse into motion with a cudgel, a handful of mud, scooped from the gutter and pressed against his nose, will start him, because it gives him an idea (laughter). Nothing but this mud of Democracy, of Abolitionism, will ever put the South on the road to progress. The Democratic party, leaping from its grave, spurs into the conflict to break another lance against justice, to bring back the Union as it was; and Mr. Lincoln says we cannot allow this struggle to degenerate to revolution. But the revolution is upon us, and we must go up to it, not down. The old Union! it's a last year's almanac; a Union of red tape; a Union of diplomacy—it never was a Union of ideas. This Union sentiment at the South is a fiction. The Border States would have gone long ago, if they had not been pinned to their loyalty with Federal bayonets. Norfolk is defiant, Nashville is defiant, New Orleans is defiant. Slavery and rebellion, one in life and love, in death cannot be divided. Hang the leaders! Hang the leaf, and leave the tree! Hang the incident, and leave the cause! Rather pluck up the thing by the roots, and brandish it in triumph over the enemy. If, as Mr. Vice-President Stephens says, slavery is the foundation of the rebellion, then one simple airy word—Emancipation—dropped in, knocks the bottom out of secession.

Put down this agitation! Let owls and bats put down sunshine! They tried Texas, they tried Fugitive Slave bills, they tried Nebraska swindles, the Dred Scott decision, bludgeoning Senators, secession; and in Boston, the mobocratic waves, clapping their hands above the City Hall and the State House, said—"It is done; Wendell Phillips is hushed up!" When lo! one morning *The Courier* waked to see that same irrepressible agitator go into the Capital of the Republic, a conqueror! (loud applause) while the same men who breathed threatening and slaughter to all who dared lisp the name of John Brown, by the unseen omnipotence of this idea, in embattled legions were hurled against slaveholders in the tune of "Glory, Hallelujah!" This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in the eyes of *The Courier* (laughter). Oh, no; to "keep step to the music of the Union," you must keep step to the music of the negro. In all your pride of arts and arms, the sheen of victory, the heroism of defeat, the black shine of the negro's countenance alone reflects the smile of Heaven. "Pharaoh sits upon the throne, but Joseph is governor over all Egypt." Colonize the slaves! Colonize the Rocky Mountains! It cannot be done. We do not want to do it, for we must have the negroes as a metropolitan police to hold the South. We shall yet have those cotton States represented at Washington by black faces instead of black hearts (applause).

In Conway's vigorous phrase, "The war will never be over till slavery is over." [MR. BURLEIGH—Until slavery is *under*.] This slaveholding oligarchy must go for guano. By eight generations of outrage to a trampled and bleeding race, by Sumter and Corcoran, by Baker and Lyon, by our brothers scalped and desecrated in their hallowed graves, slaveholders are outlaws! I would not stir your blood or wake revenge.

"Though by their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with your nobler reason 'gainst your fury
Do I take part."

These men were not natural fiends; the spirit they incarnate, which bound twelve gigantic States to the chariot wheels of rebellion, which sends death and desolation to thousands of Northern and Southern homes, and drives its murderous steel to the heart of free institutions, is slavery. Then, in the name of government perilled, of families beggared, of wives widowed and children orphaned, of unborn generations to inherit the poverty and woes of this, of the black race for centuries trodden into the burning marl of oppression, hurl this fiend to the pit whence it rose!

There are, Mr. President, but two methods of handling this thing. One is, to forget the negro; the other is, to acknowledge his rights. Long and fairly tried, the former is a failure. Entrenched in all the strongholds that command the public mind, the pulpit, the press, the Senate, the seats of learning, mounting on its flying car all the machinery of our civilization, for seventy years slavery was victorious on every field. Your public men, for ability, for learning, for virtue—notwithstanding the excellent curses launched upon them from this platform—would not suffer in comparison with those who have administered political affairs in England or France during the same period. Where, then, was the hitch? They essayed to reconcile freedom with slavery, an impossibility; for where the intellect of Webster, the eloquence of Clay, the scholarship of Everett, the statesmanship of Seward, and the conscience of Sumner could not succeed, the gods themselves must fail. The other horn of the dilemma, which is the lesson of this day, is fair play to black men. Some mornings ago, as a nosegay of the nursery floated under my window, and one tiny slip of womanhood put her saucy foot on a mutual right, the others scattered, screaming, "I'll tell mother, I'll tell mother!" It seemed girlish; yet there was deep wisdom in the method of reconciliation. "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy," says the old proverb. So in our trouble we must go back to first principles, back to justice, back to impartial liberty, back to the laws of God, until we can make better (loud applause).

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Gen. McClellan, after needlessly sacrificing the lives of thousands of Northern soldiers in the Chickahominy swamps, rather than permit loyal slaves to come within his lines and work in the Union cause, has finally come to a better mind. The Fortress Monroe correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date July 7, says: "I understand that Gen. McClellan has sought the services of a large body of negro laborers from Gen. Burnside's command, and their arrival is daily expected. He could get them nearer home. Large numbers of negroes have come into our camp, and are employed by officers and men as servants. Should their number increase, as it doubtless will, they will be organized into working gangs to relieve our soldiers." If Gen. McClellan had taken this course from the start, he might have captured Richmond long before this, and saved the lives of multitudes of Northern men now sleeping in Southern graves.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1862.

WHEN I wrote you a week ago to-day, I had no idea that there was going to be such "an uprising of the people" against the Administration for its want of a policy in the management of the war. I had no hope that Congress would awake to its duty on the subject. Thank God for the awakening, and if the President comes within the sphere of its influence, the nation will be saved. We have had the most important debates of the year in the Senate since I last wrote you. The revolution there has swept numbers of so-called "conservative" Senators into the net of "radicalism." All Republican Senators, except Cowan and Browning (and it is hardly fair to call them Republicans), now advocate the use of the black man in the war. When Senator Rice of Minnesota took bold ground in favor of calling upon the colored race for aid, the so-called conservatives were completely befogged. They did not know what to do That speech of a hunker Democrat did more to put certain Republicans "into line" than all the arguments ever made!

I believe, from all I can hear, that the President is at last aware of the dreadful crisis of the hour. I believe and hope that he will adopt a more vigorous policy, in the field and out of it. He has not committed himself to anything as yet, but I believe that he will command his Generals to make the best possible use of the colored man throughout the South. I hear that he has told some of his friends that he will do so, but one cannot depend much, in Washington, upon hearsay. The danger is that the slave State men will gather round the President, and threaten and beseech him by turns, and thus drive him to his old neutrality doctrines—his no-policy position.

There will be no change in the Cabinet and no important change of Generals—at least such is the appearance now. A large class of people, led on by a number of widely-circulating journals, are fiercely demanding the removal of Stanton, charging that he is an enemy to McClellan, and has interfered with his plans in a manner to bring ruin upon the government and country. Another very large class of most respectable persons and journals (generally Republican in politics) ask for the removal of Gen. McClellan, on the ground that he is incompetent, and having ruined one army, will ruin another if put into his hands. Now, the President is supposed to be impartial, and belongs to neither of these parties. It is easy to see at once that he will not remove Mr. Stanton and keep Gen. McClellan. It would create too intense dissatisfaction. Neither will he do such a thing as remove Gen. McClellan and keep Mr. Stanton. The haters of Stanton would be too indignant. Both will go, or both remain. In fact it is not unlikely that the President says to every prominent Stantonite who demands the removal of McClellan—"Yes, but if I remove McClellan, are you willing that I also appease the enemies of Mr. Stanton by removing *him*?" Mr. Stanton and Gen. McClellan each have blundered—each

better than was expected a month ago. I need not say that our disasters have caused this change. There has been a revolution in Congress within a fortnight on the subject of slavery and the prosecution of the war. Men who were very strongly opposed to sections of the Confiscation bill three weeks ago, because of alleged unconstitutionality, now silently vote for the bill. Democrats admit that we must make use of the slave. Our reverses have taught us something, and this is a very hopeful feature of our condition. We are still teachable, and events will lead us to the true ground at last. If the President will only allow himself to be carried on by this move of progress, all is well. If he attempts to stand in the way of events, he will ruin self and country. I do not believe he will do any such thing, but rather believe he will become the man of the hour.

AVON.

New Publications.

THE GOLDEN HOUR. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Author of "The Rejected Stone." Impera parendo. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1862.

No reader of The Rejected Stone will require our testimony to the vigor and seasonableness of Mr. Conway's new book. The general characteristics of The Golden Hour are like those of its predecessor. It is not a developed unity, appealing to the minority who have time and inclination to follow the process of an exhaustive argument. It is a brilliant piece of literary mosaic that will tempt the most indolent to read, and the most thoughtless to think. Since the first series of the Biglow Papers we have had nothing equal to the present volume in keenness of satire and raciness of illustration. It is refreshing to meet a man to whom great events have yielded all their inspiration—a Virginian who fights for freedom with the pluck and hearty earnestness with which the "misguided" leaders of his State battle for slavery. We cannot resist quoting from a book which speaks for itself far better than we can speak of it. Here rings the key-note of the volume:

"The rebellion of slavery should at once have been followed by our only logical reply—the abolition of slavery. Suppose that, in reply to that bomb which fell into Fort Sumter, our President had seized the pen instead of the sword, and written such a proclamation as this:

"'Slavery, from being a domestic institution in certain States, with which the government had nothing to do, having become the common foe of all the States, with which the government has everything to do, it is hereby declared that all slaves in this country are free, and they are hereby justified in whatever measures they may find necessary to maintain their freedom. Loyal masters are assured that they shall be properly compensated for losses resulting from this decree.'

"Every rebel owning a slave, or living within miles of one, would, as it were by the wand of an enchanter, have remained spell-bound at his fireside, where he ought to be. There could have been no war."

On turning the page we come upon a specimen of delicately trenchant satire, directed to men who profess to find nothing *constitutional* but the protection and nourishment of slavery, even while it strikes at the nation's life. The author, during a residence of some years in Washington, discovered a clause in the Constitution which ran as follows:

"Art. —. Sec. —. Any legislation on the part of Congress liable to the charge of being morally right shall be held *prima facie* unconstitutional; this, however, shall not invalidate such legislation, if it can be proved that its moral character is simply a coincidence."

From the chapter on Military Necessity we take this conclusive logic:

"The war power—the power unsealed by military necessity—is not dependent in its action upon the absolute indispensableness of the measures it proposes. It is justified in that it secures any advantage greater than the price paid.... Thus no advantage could be so small but it would, by martial law, justify the destruction of slavery. If, by abolishing the unmitigated curse of this land the life of one soldier could be saved, we should be the murderers of that soldier if we did not abolish it."

We conclude our citations with an example of the felicitous illustration which abounds in The Golden Hour:

"In a play called The Vampyre, the voracious sucker in human shape, who draws the life out of fair virgins whilst they sleep, is repeatedly slain; but in dying he always makes a pathetic request to have his corpse put at some certain place—a place where the moonlight will, he knows, fall upon it. Now, this moonshine—which is a compromise between day and night—is a fair symbol of that which never fails to resuscitate Democracy. No matter how dead you may fancy it, you have only to heed its last dying request for a compromise, and under that moonshine its resuscitation is inevitable."

We regret to agree with Mr. Conway that our delay in dealing with slavery has already provided sufficient "moonshine" to start the Vampyre with a thrill of life. Too many precious moments in this golden hour of the nation's opportunity have already passed. It is sad to believe that there have been instants when energetic action of the Executive would have been sustained by a greater majority of the people than would support it to-day. We cannot forget that the time has been when Bennett's *Herald* clamored for emancipation, and lesser ministers at the altar of slavery burned incense to the proclamation of Fremont. Crises in the conflict have been upon us when multitudes of men, respecting the honesty of the President, unwilling to put themselves in advance of his declared policy, have waited eagerly for a redeeming word which was not spoken. There have been times when a vast majority of those timid citizens who never declare themselves for any cause till its first difficulties are over, who live in fear of the meanest aspects of public opinion, were ready to join the President in adding *Liberty* to the rallying cry of *Union and Victory!* It is not yet too late; but every moment of delay adds to the difficulty, and while we are questioning and doubting, the golden hour of the nation's recovery may pass forever.

We need hardly say that Mr. Conway enters the hustle of parties, politics, and interests, from a purer region. Fully aware that prosperity and union can only come through emancipation, he is not Yankee enough to call right *strategy*, and an opportunity for justice *a chance for speculation*. And as history tells us that men have never given their highest thought and ripest action to save taxes or grow cotton, but only to realize an idea, this unpractical view of the subject is perhaps pardonable. Those who wait for an evidence that shall equal certitude of the complete pecuniary and moral success of emancipation will, we apprehend, never be gratified. In all higher matters men are compelled to act on imperfect knowledge. God never gives demonstration to those who have no faith in principle. A cloud of difficulties may be raised about all Christian truths and all righteous deeds, and no man may sit in his closet and speculate himself clear of doubt. But that reasonable amount of evidence which is necessary to guide our actions in this world is denied to no one—and such evidence is condensed with vivid effect throughout Mr. Conway's book.

The Golden Hour is issued in the best style of Ticknor and Fields's publications, a dress which its literary merit eminently deserves. But we hope that editions in cheaper form may likewise appear, for the books should be sown broadcast among the people of this land.

*

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July contains seven articles, of which we give the titles:

I. Views of Luther.
II. Cavour.
III. Heresy and Heretics in the Church of England.
IV. The Art of America and the "Old Masters."
V. Coppet et Weimar.—Madame de Staël.
VI. Africans in America and their New Guardians.
VII. Review of Current Literature.

The tone of Art. VI is apologetic, to some extent, for slavery, and still more for the course of the Administration in respect to it. The writer plumes himself for his sagacity in seeing and his candor in acknowledging the "enormous difficulties" in the way of emancipation. Having dwelt upon this point at some length, and uttered, with an air of originality that is quite amusing, some thoughts familiar to every one who has paid any attention to the subject, he very complacently says:

"With the inimitable strategy of the ostrich, some persons succeed in not seeing this difficulty. They seem to imagine that the word Emancipation has some cabalistic power—that it removes this prodigious population out of the range of our concern—that it as it were cancels its existence as one of the elements of our body politic. Or else they believe, weakly but sincerely, that a free population are by the very fact an industrious, orderly, contented, useful, intelligent population; or that they will become so spontaneously, under the ordinary disciplines and influences which we may safely enough take for granted. We do not allow ourselves to be so beguiled. And, instead of feeling particularly confident or triumphant in prospect of the mere fact of the overthrow of slavery, we frankly avow our conviction that it will substitute for the old problem one scarce inferior to it in perplexity, and coming a good deal closer home to our own conscience and responsibility."

This will be taken, and was probably meant to be taken as a hit at the advocates of immediate emancipation; but it is a piece of caricature by no means creditable to the writer's intelligence or candor. Abolitionists have never been blind to any real difficulty in the way of emancipation; they have only insisted that such difficulties afford no justification for slavery—that in fact they are far less formidable than those which attend the system of bondage even in its best estate—that in short it is always safe to do right. So far from imagining that there is any "cabalistic power" in the word emancipation, or that a race subjected for generations to the degrading influences of slavery would, by being merely set free, become "spotaneously" industrious, orderly, and useful, and thus be removed "out of the verge of our concern," they have constantly held that emancipation, though a duty that should not be delayed for an hour, on any pretence, is only the *first step* to the improvement and elevation of the slaves. But they have insisted that the *disposition* to emancipate would be the surest guaranty for the performance toward them of all the duties required in consequence of their ignorance, weakness and waywardness.

So impressed is the writer with the "enormous difficulties" in the way of abolishing slavery, that he says:

"We consider that a great debt of gratitude is due from the nation at large to the President and Cabinet, for not thrusting on us all at once this problem, in the proportions it may have one of these days. We have the precise opportunity we could have wished, of trying our hand at it on a modest scale, and training ourselves by little tasks for the great task in which we shall presently want a hundred thousand helpers."

In other words, a great debt of gratitude is due to the President for refusing to exercise the power, which the Constitution confers upon him in time of war, to "proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." He is grateful, too, we suppose, to Generals Halleck and McClellan for carefully excluding the slaves from the military lines, and thus saving the people of the North from the "difficulties" in which they would have been involved, if the poor outraged blacks had been permitted to escape from their masters! Moral insensibility like this may be considered by "some persons" evidence of profound wisdom, but we cannot so regard it.

In another place the writer reveals his characteristic moral "obfuscation" axiomatically, thus:

"The question of right morality and political justice is one thing; the question of order and security is quite another thing. It is important, we think, that *this last should be settled in our minds first.*"

Is not this an atheistic rather than a Christian maxim? Is it true that "order and security," in any proper sense of those terms, are to be attained by a disregard of "right morality and political justice"? Then, surely, the prophet was wrong who cried, "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages and giveth him not for his work." And Jesus was equally wrong when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and *his righteousness*, and all these things [food, raiment, and other earthly blessings] shall be added unto you." Alas! how often are the first principles of Christian morality set aside, and the maxims of a selfish expediency enthroned in their place, by religious teachers of high repute and great influence! It is not too much to say that it is by following such "blind guides," that the nation has stumbled at last into the "ditch" of civil war; and it is not likely to get out until it learns by bitter experience that "order and security" cannot be attained by disregarding the principles of morality and justice.

We regret as well as marvel that an article containing so many valuable suggestions respecting the great experiment of free labor and education in South Carolina, and in respect to the slavery question generally, is marred by such glaring faults. Religious periodicals, especially at such a time as this, should not seek out excuses for wrong, but enunciate with all possible clearness and force the "higher law" of God, and call the nation to immediate repentance for its sins.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Hoboken, on Sunday morning, July 13th, WILLIAM C. ROGERS, in the 63d year of his age. He was a native of Newburyport, Mass, but moved thence in early life to Boston, subsequently to the central part of the State of New York, and finally to this city, where he has lived for the last twenty years.

Mr. Rogers was a hard working mechanic in early life, but found time to improve his mind by extensive and liberal reading. His active moral sense led him to join practically in benevolent and reformatory efforts. He was a diligent laborer in the field of temperance, when to be so was more a matter of labor and sacrifice than of ease and honor. He carried the axe of a pioneer also in the great cause of anti-slavery. To William C. Rogers, more perhaps than to any other one person, belongs the credit of establishing THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. He travelled over a great part of the State of New York soliciting subscribers and donations, never slacking in zeal or wavering in purpose. In conjunction with Jackson, Kelley and others, he appointed conventions, and roused the people to attend lectures. His portion of the work was the least pleasant and most laborious—that of getting money. His conversations were not less effective than the public discourses of others, and they reached many retired spots which otherwise had been left untouched. We cherish a vivid memory of his cheering letters, and reports of anti-slavery meetings, many of which are on record in various journals.

As a friend, and in social life, Mr. Rogers was remarkably affable, kind, and genial. He never lost his patience and equanimity even under the most trying circumstances; and never under any pressure abated a single jot from the full faith of an uncompromising Abolitionist. Though of late years and from necessity, in a great measure retired from active exertions in the cause, his interest in its steady progress was unabated, and it formed the salient test in his mind of genuine and practical Christianity.

This notice is written by one who knew him well in all relations of life, and who never found him wanting in any of the good offices of a loving and unbroken friendship.

G.

SLAVERY AND THE UNION.—The Military Governor of Tennessee, in his Fourth of July speech at Nashville, said:

"I am for this government above all earthly possessions, and if it perish, I do not wish to survive it. I am for it though slavery should be struck from existence, and Africa swept from the balance of the world. I believe, indeed, that *the Union is the only protection of slavery—its sole guaranty*; but if you persist in forcing the issue of slavery against the government, I say, in the face of Heaven, 'Give me my government, and let the negroes go!'"

We understand this to mean that if the slaveholders of Tennessee will consent to come back into the Union, their slave property shall be protected; but if not, they must expect to see the system of slavery destroyed. Now the promise to protect slavery, thus offered as a motive to persuade the Tennessee rebels to return to their allegiance, is disgraceful to the government, justly exposing us to the scorn of the world. It is a gratuitous promise to commit a crime against humanity for the sake of the commercial and political advantages which the Union is supposed to involve. That our rulers dare thus defy the judgments of God is lamentable indeed.

PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK.—An immense mass meeting of the citizens of New York was held in Union Square on Tuesday afternoon, to strengthen the hands of the Administration for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and to promote enlistments, under the new call for 300,000 men. It is estimated that from 30,000 to 50,000 people were present, and the demonstration, in point of patriotic enthusiasm, was all that had been anticipated. There was speaking at five different stands, under the following presiding officers: Hon. George Opdyke, Mayor; Pelatiah Perit, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Hon. Hamilton Fish; Prof. Francis Lieber; Maj.-Gen. John C. Fremont. The address and resolutions were somewhat old-fogyish, but much of the speaking was of a very different character. Many gentlemen came out unequivocally in favor of the enlistment of negroes, and the sentiment failed not in any instance to call forth rousing cheers. The largest crowd gathered around the stand at which Gen. Fremont presided, and he was received in a way which showed that he still has a strong hold on the popular heart. Those who heard the speaking at his stand, had only to lift their eyes to the tower of the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), to see displayed, in large letters, the command of God to the nation: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

BLACK LOYALISTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Gen. Hunter's way of dealing with the loyal blacks of his department is bearing excellent fruit. Thousands, if not tens of thousands, of slaves, having heard of his humanity towards their class, stand ready to rush within his jurisdiction on the first opportunity that may present itself. The Hilton Head correspondent of *The Times*, under date July 6th, giving an account of an expedition lately sent up the Santee and Wackenaw rivers, says: "On the appearance of our boats, negroes came in troops to claim the protection of the flag, and the fact conclusively proves that the loyal slaves, on the main, are not ignorant of the improved condition of their late fellow-bondsmen of the sea islands, under the auspices of the government. These refugees were all taken to North Island, in the Stono River, and a census of them showed that they numbered six hundred. As quickly as the means of transportation can be spared from other pressing emergencies of this Department, Major Gen. Hunter will send and have these negroes brought to Port Royal. Meanwhile, a couple of gunboats afford them adequate protection against an attack by the rebels."

BRITISH EMANCIPATION.—The "United Sons of Popular Reform," an association of colored people, will celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation and the Freedom of the District of Columbia, at Hawxhurst's Grove (on the turnpike between Westbury and Jericho, L. I.), on Friday and Saturday, August 1st and 2d. Edward Cobb will preside, and speeches may be expected from Dr. J. M'Cune Smith, Junius C. Morel, and others. Music and refreshments will be provided, but no intoxicating liquors will be allowed.

Proceedings of Congress.

THE QUESTION OF EMPLOYING NEGROES IN THE ARMY.

THIS question has been extensively discussed in the Senate during the past week, the current of opinion running strong in favor of the proposition. The speech of Mr. Fessenden of Maine, hitherto exceedingly "conservative," will be found on the first page. Mr. Rice of Minnesota, a hunker of the hunkers, came out strongly, saying, "Negroes might as well be employed, and he hoped the time would come when Northern men would look on this question practically. The rebels hesitate at no means that God or the devil had given them, and why should we stop and higgle at what is clearly justified by the laws of war?" Mr. Sherman of Ohio said: "The time had arrived when the military officers of the United States should be compelled to call into the service all loyal men to suppress the rebellion. Heretofore, these negroes had only worked for the rebels, doing all the labors of the camp for them. He (Sherman) was for giving the President power to call into the service all the slaves of the rebels. This Union must be preserved. Rather than it should be destroyed, he would organize a great army of black men, and desolate every Southern State." Mr. Harlan of Iowa said: "Can anybody doubt the authority of the President to call on all the loyal people in these Territories to come to the defense of the loyal government, and aid in the suppression of the rebellion? In this way he believed a mighty nation would be set free, but this nation can attempt to thwart the will of the Almighty and have a divided nation, and thus leave it to some other nation to carry out the will of God. These colored people were not savages, notwithstanding the speeches of many gentlemen in Congress about the horrors of insurrection if they should be set free. In this District there had been no trouble with the negroes. They had gathered together in the churches and thanked God for the great boon of freedom. These colored people were not paupers, for while he had been in the Capital of the nation, he had never seen a negro beggar. If we should organize an army of these people, giving freedom to them, and their wives and their children, as the result of their success; no matter what may happen to other armies, they will never be put down. If this nation will not free these people, it will afford a suitable pretext for the intervention of foreign nations, who, in the name of humanity, will set free this oppressed race. He (Harlan) believed there was no real difficulty in freeing these people. The rebel Toombs, when a Senator here, had told him (Harlan) that there was no practical difficulty in the liberation of the slaves; that it was all a pretense to say so; that they who did so were demagogues, and that he (Toombs) defended slavery because he thought it to be right." Mr. Sherman, however, proposed an amendment to the bill, providing that of the slaves who may be employed in our armies, those only who belong to rebels shall be set free. To this Mr. Lane of Kansas replied: "There are six thousand four hundred slaves in Kansas, a majority of whom belong to loyal masters, and from the number he proposed to raise two regiments. The idea of putting these men in the field to fight bravely, and then, after they had helped save the country, return them into slavery, was too outrageous to be thought of. The government who would do such a thing as that would deserve the vengeance of the Almighty. He (Lane) proposed, as an amendment, to pay loyal masters for their slaves." But Mr. Sherman's amendment was adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Collamer, Cowan, Davis, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foster, Henderson, Howe, Lane of Indiana, Powell, Sherman, Simmons, Ten Eyck, Wiley, Wilson of Missouri, and Wright—18.

Nays—Messrs. Chandler, Clark, Foot, Grimes, Harlan, Harris, Howard, King, Lane of Kansas, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, and Wilson of Massachusetts—17.

Messrs. Wright (Dem.) of Indiana and Henderson of Mo. spoke in favor of employing negroes in the army. Mr. Wright said that the true way to encourage enlistments was to have a policy defined by the Executive. He would have the President order negroes to be used in all ways in which it was feasible. He would have him order his Generals to protect no rebel property. He would have him enforce the Confiscation law everywhere, and make every military officer an agent acting under rules laid down by the Executive. He was against Halleck's Order No. 3, and read a letter from an officer showing the mischief it had done. He declared that if the President did his duty under the Confiscation law, fifty millions of property belonging to rebels in the Southern States could be seized within ten days.

The Militia bill—embracing a provision giving the President authority to employ slaves for constructing entrenchments, performing camp service, or any other labor, or *any military or naval service* for which they may be competent, and declaring that when any male slave, who owes service to a rebel or to any one giving aid and comfort to the rebellion, shall have been employed or done service for the Union, his mother, wife, and children shall forever thereafter be free, in case they owe service or labor to any person who has borne arms against the Union or adhered to or aided the rebels—has passed both Houses, and only awaits the signature of the President (which there is no doubt it will have, and that promptly) to become a law. Thank God for this step in the right direction! In the words of *The Tribune*, "It won't take the news long to penetrate to every cotton plantation and rice swamp in the South, that service to the Union cause emancipates the wife, the child, and the decrepit old mother; and when the fact is fully understood, there will be a movement more dangerous to the rebellion than all the bristling bayonets and iron-clad gunboats at the President's command."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The bill to admit to the Union the new State of Virginia passed the Senate on Monday. It provides that all slaves born in said State after the 4th of July, 1863, shall be free; also that all slaves in the limits of said State, at the time aforesaid—the 4th of July, 1863—who are under ten years of age, shall be free when they are twenty-one, and that all under twenty-one and over ten shall be free when they are twenty-five.

Mr. Sumner said that he could not vote for the admission of a State recognizing slavery for a generation. He would not vote for the admission of two Senators from a slave State.

The bill passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Clark, Collamer, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howe, Lane of Ind., Lane of Kansas, Morrill, Pomeroy, Rice, Sherman, Simmons, Ten Eyck, Wade, Wilkinson, Willey, Wilson of Massachusetts—23.

Nays—Messrs. Bayard, Browning, Carlile, Chandler, Cowan, Davis, Howard, Kennedy, King, McDougall, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, Turner, Trumbull, Wilson of Mo., Wright—17.

In the House the bill was postponed (63 to 53) to the second Tuesday in December.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

On Monday the President sent the following message to the two Houses:

Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Herewith is the draft of a bill to compensate any State which may abolish slavery within its limits, the passage of which, substantially as presented, I respectfully and earnestly recommend.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that any State shall have lawfully abolished slavery within and throughout such State, either immediately or gradually, it shall be the duty of the President, assisted by the Secretary of the Treasury, to prepare and deliver to each State an amount of six per cent. interest bearing bonds of the United States, equal to the aggregate value at —— dollars per head of all the slaves within such State, as reported by the census of one thousand eight hundred and sixty; the whole amount for any one State to be delivered at once, if the abolishment be immediate, or in equal annual instalments if it be gradual, interest to begin running on each bond at the time of delivery, and not before.

And be it further enacted, That if any State having so received any such bonds shall, at any time afterwards by law reintroduce or tolerate slavery within its limits, contrary to the act of abolishment upon which such bonds shall have been received, said bonds so received by said State shall at once be null and void in whosoever hands they may be, and such State shall refund to the United States all interest which may have been paid on such bonds.

The message was referred to appropriate Committees, and on Tuesday the President, in a note addressed to the presiding officer of each House, requested that the adjournment of Congress (previously fixed for Wednesday) might be postponed at least one day, to give time to act on this and perhaps other questions.

The Tribune of Wednesday has the following dispatch from Washington, dated Tuesday evening:

"The House Committee, to whom was entrusted the consideration of the President's plan of gradual emancipation, will make a long report to-morrow, accompanied by a bill as a substitute for that suggested by the President yesterday. The report is signed by Messrs. White of Indiana, Chairman of the Committee, Fisher of Delaware, Lehman of Pennsylvania, Casey of Kentucky, and Clements of Tennessee.

"Mr. Wilson of Iowa declines to sign, and Messrs. Whaley of Virginia, Leroy of Maryland, and Blair of Missouri. The other members of the Committee are out of town. The report commences with a long preface prepared by Mr. White of Indiana, setting forth that slavery is the cause and sustaining force of the rebellion, and commending gradual emancipation in the Border States as the best plan for cutting them loose from all alliance with the insurrection, in hand or at heart.

"A long sketch of the history of the rebellion follows. The second part of the Report, prepared by Mr. Fisher of Del., shows the advantages to the people of the Border States of emancipation by comparison of free with slave States, and of free Counties with slave Counties in Delaware and Maryland, illustrating and enforcing the argument by a valuable array of statistics.

"Mr. Blair of Missouri contributes the third part of the Report, which insists upon the advantages to this country of establishing African Colonies in tropical climates, referring to the value to England of her Colonies, and to the commerce of Hayti. The bill which accompanies the Report differs from that introduced by the President in important respects; it provides that if either Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Virginia, Delaware, or Maryland, shall abolish slavery immediately or gradually, the President and Secretary of the Treasury shall deliver to such State five per cent. bonds running for thirty years, equal to the aggregate value at $300 a head of all the slaves within the State, as reported by a census to be taken for the purpose of ascertaining their number. A proviso is added to the effect that no part of the sum given shall be paid to persons who have borne arms in the rebellion or given it aid or comfort.

"The amount is to be delivered at once, if the emancipation is immediate, or in annual ratable instalments, if it be gradual. The States named must accept the offer within five years, and the emancipation shall be complete within 20 years after such acceptance.

"The whole amount of bonds which the President is authorized to issue for this purpose is limited to $180,000,000, and $20,000,000 more are authorized to be expended for the purpose of colonizing the freed men. If any of the emancipating States shall hereafter reintroduce or tolerate slavery within its limits, it is required to return the amount of the bonds issued."

In the House on Wednesday, the bill annexed to the Report above alluded to was referred to the Committee of the Whole, a proceeding necessary under the rules in the case of all bills making appropriations. "It will not," says a telegram in *The Tribune*, "rise from that tomb this session, and it is not likely that the Finance Committee of the Senate, to which the President's bill was referred, will report it back before winter, if at all." The general feeling in Congress is that quite enough has been done to coax the Border States—that it is not compatible with the dignity of the body or of the nation to go any further in that direction.

EMANCIPATION IN THE DISTRICT.

The House has passed (69 to 36) the Senate bill supplementary to the District of Columbia Emancipation Act, making a provision for non-resident minors, etc., to verify their claims; also, proving that, in case persons having claims neglect to file the necessary papers, the slaves may present their own statements in behalf of their own freedom; also, that all slaves, under the laws of any State, who, since April last, with the consent of their owners, have been actually employed in the District of Columbia, or who shall hereafter be thus employed, are declared free, and that there shall be no exclusion of oath on account of color.

THE CONFISCATION BILL.

The Committees of Conference of the two Houses having reported a Confiscation bill (for the principal features of which see our letter from Washington), the House passed the same by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Va.), Blair (Pa.), Blake, Buffinton, Campbell, Casey, Clark, Colfax, Roscoe Conkling, F. A. Conkling, Covode, Cutler, Davis, Davies, Duell, Dunn, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fenton, Fessenden, Fisher, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Gurley, Hale, Hooper, Hutchins, Julian, Kelly, Kellogg (Mich.), Kellogg (Ill.), Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, Lowe, McKnight, McPherson, Maynard, Mitchell, Morehead, Morrill (Me.), Morrill (Vt.), Nixon, Patton, Phelps (Cal.), Pike, Porter, Potter, Rice (Mass.), Rice (Me.), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sargeant, Sedgwick, Shanks, Shellabarger, Sherman, Stevens, Stratton, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Verree, Wall, Wallace, Walton, Washburn, Wheeler, White (Ind.), Wilson, Windom, and Worcester—82.

Nays—Messrs. Allen (O.), Allen (Ill.), Ancona, Halley, Biddle, Brown (R. I.), Clements, Cobb, Cox, Crisfield, Crittenden, Dunlap, Fouke, Granger, Grider, Haight, Hall, Harding, Holman, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Lehman, Mallory, Menzies, Morris, Nugent, Odell, Pendleton, Robins (Md.), Segar, Shiel, Steele (N. J.), Steele (N. Y.), Stiles, Thomas (Mass.), Thomas (Md.), Ward, Webster, Wickliffe, and Wood—43.

In the Senate it passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howard, King, Lane (Kansas), Lane (Ind.), Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, Wilson (Mass), Wright—27.

Nays—Messrs. Bayard, Browning, Carlile, Cowan, Davis, Henderson, Kennedy, McDougal, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, Wilson (Mo.), and Willey—13.

Not Voting—Messrs. Collamer and Rice.

Absent—Messrs. Dixon, Howe, Latham, Nesmith, Pearce and Thompson.

The President having stated privately to some members of Congress that he entertained an objection to one feature of the bill, the House on Tuesday adopted an explanatory resolution to obviate that objection. On Wednesday, the resolution came before the Senate, when Mr. Clark of New Hampshire said he felt himself authorized to state that if it should be adopted, it would remove one of the objections of the President to the bill. He urged its passage to avert a veto. Several Senators expressed indignation in view of what they regarded as an impropriety on the part of the President in thus attempting to control the action of the Senate by a private communication of his wish to individual members. If he was opposed to the bill, let him take the responsibility of vetoing it. Finally, however, the Senate waived the objection and adopted the resolution, with an amendment in which the House subsequently concurred. The resolution as adopted is as follows:

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives etc.*, That the provisions of the third clause of the fifth section of an act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes, shall be so construed as not to apply to any act or acts done prior to the passage thereof, nor to include any member of a State Legislature or Judge of any State Court, who has not, in accepting or entering upon his office, taken an oath to support the so-called Confederate States of America; nor shall any punishment or proceedings under said act be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the real estate of the offender beyond his natural life."

The President promptly signed the bill, and it is believed that he will speedily use the power it places in his hands.

Chronicles of the War.

WE must again refer our readers for details of army news to other papers. The history of the past week, however, has been marked by no very important event. The rebels have undoubtedly derived great encouragement from the results of the recent battles before Richmond, and they are making desperate efforts, especially in the South-west, to recover lost ground. There is a report that they have recaptured Baton Rouge, the Capital of Louisiana, and that they are menacing Nashville. There is no report, as yet, of the capture of Vicksburg, but it is probable that the place will soon be if it has not been already taken. Com. Farragut's canal across the peninsula on which the city stands, and by which the waters of the Mississippi will find a shorter way to the sea, leaving the Vicksburgers to the delights of an inland residence, and making their batteries of no account, was almost finished at last accounts. Over 1,000 negroes were at work upon it, "joyfully digging, with mirth and song, and fully understanding the object of their toil."

There are pleasing evidences that the war on the part of our government is to be prosecuted in time to come with new energy, and that the negroes are to be permitted to help. Enlistments are going on quite rapidly in all the loyal States.

Carrying off Negroes.

Gen. Butler has issued the following order in relation to the carrying away of colored persons from New Orleans:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, June 21, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDER No. 44.—Any vessel attempting to leave this port and take away any person of color, who did not come here on board of her, and has not a pass from these headquarters will be liable to confiscation, and her master punished by imprisonment.

"No vessel shall so leave the port until the master shall take an oath that he has not any such person on board, and will not allow any such to come on board. By command of

"BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.
"R. S. DAVIS, Capt. and Acting A. A. G."

Strict Construction of an Order.

Newbern, N. C., June 30.—As the 24th Massachusetts was about leaving Washington an incident occurred which reflected credit upon the acumen of one of its officers. A pretty mulatto slave girl, belonging to a citizen of the town, had been acting as house-servant to Lieut. Turner, and when marching orders were received expressed great anxiety to go with the regiment to Newbern, and escape bondage. She was one of the $1,500 brunetts that *The Herald* alludes to in such coarse terms. She took refuge on board one of the steamers on which the 24th had embarked, but just before the time for starting her owner appeared with an order which read as follows:

"John Doe has permission to search for his slave girl Henrietta, and will be protected in so doing."

This he presented to Quartermaster Wm. W. Hutchings, and demanded the girl. Mr. Hutchings seeing the trepidation and anxiety manifested in the countenance of Henrietta, asked her, "Are you willing to return to your master?" "Oh! no, sir!" she said, "please don't give me up to him!" "Let me see that order, sir," said he to the owner, and, reading it aloud, he remarked, "This gives you authority to *search* for your girl; you have searched for her, and there she is. You were to be protected in making your search; you have been protected. This gives you no authority to take her against her will. She does not wish to return to you, and you can't take her. And now the sooner you get off this boat, the better it will be for your skin." As he said this with the determination of a man who was not to be trifled with, the discomfited owner beat a precipitate retreat, amid the jeers and shouts of the bystanders, and the poor girl was saved from the fate to which lust and cupidity would have assigned her.—*Cor. Tribune.*

An Infamous Order.

Gen. Grant's recent order to Gen. Hovey says of the negroes:

"You will also send all the cavalry you can spare, assisted by such infantry as may be necessary, into the country to press into the service of the government, to build fortifications, able-bodied negroes belonging to persons of secession proclivities, until a sufficient number is obtained, giving to the owners thereof a receipt for the same, receipt and negroes to be returned as soon as the work is completed, and issue to them rations as prescribed by general order by Department at Washington. Negroes may also be taken if found on the Arkansas side, and a steamer sent down the river to transport all found contiguous to it."

Only think of it! The slaves are to be made to assist in building our fortifications, and "returned, as soon as the work is completed," to their rebel masters!!!

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The thirteenth annual session of this institution will commence on Wednesday, Oct. 15, and continue five months. The Women's Hospital of Philadelphia having gone into successful operation, by its daily clinic and dispensary, offers facilities never before possessed for the satisfactory prosecution of the objects of the College. Patiently, from year to year, the Corporators and Faculty have prosecuted their labors amid many obstacles, sustained by the profound conviction that their object was right, and was destined to succeed; and every year's experience has but confirmed their belief that the study and practice of medicine are admirably adapted to woman's nature, that the world and the profession need her, that success awaits her when duly educated for her office, and that her entrance into this fitting and enlarged sphere of virtuous activity is the harbinger of increased happiness and health for woman and for the race.

Persons desiring further information respecting the institution should address the Dean of the Faculty, Edwin Fussell, M.D., 910 N. Fifth st., or Ann Preston, M.D., Prof. of Physiology and Hygiene, 315 Marshall st., Philadelphia.

Summary.

CAPTURE OF CONTRABANDS.—We learn that a large number of negroes—some fifty—were captured and brought into town yesterday by a detachment of Federal cavalry. It is stated that these negroes have been employed by the Confederates in erecting fortifications and doing other work for the army. Should this prove true, they will doubtless be confiscated and employed on government work in this city or elsewhere.—*Memphis (Union) Appeal*, 6th.

FREE SOIL IN VIRGINIA.—It may not be generally known that Virginia, from Acquia Creek to Leesburg, a distance of 70 miles, embracing seven Counties, is to all effects and purposes free soil. Many loyal blacks have taken refuge there, both from the rebel-held Counties of Virginia and from Maryland. Inspired by their example of freedom, the negroes whose masters reside within the district treat them very cavalierly.

AWAY WITH HIM.—The Washington *Republican* closes a patriotic article in these words:

"At this time, we need peace at home, confidence in the government, and a firm and united effort to suppress the rebellion, which is every day assuming more gigantic proportions. We cannot afford to allow treason to ripen in New York, or permit open and avowed traitors and conspirators to work unrebuked and unpunished. We repeat, then, *suppress The Herald*, and send the hoary-headed traitor who conducts it to Fort Warren, where he may hold sweet communion with his co-laborers."

NEGRO HELP.—Commodore Farragut has placed five or six hundred contrabands to work with picks and shovels, and in a few days hence the channel of the Mississippi may be turned from its present course, and shortened about seven miles, leaving the city of Vicksburg some distance inland. The merry negroes at work on the Cut Off enjoy the escape from the plantation amazingly, and say, "De boys is mighty glad to work for yous all."

George T. Curtis gets hissed and ex-Governor Washburn loudly cheered at the Boston hunker celebration. I understand that the sight at Faneuil Hall when Washburn raised both hands appealingly, and turned to Wightman and Curtis, saying, "We must remove the cause of this war, and that is slavery!" was worth ten years of peaceful life." No wonder *The Courier* called the ex-Governor a traitor the next day. A traitor to slavery, which is *The Courier's* country and its god, he certainly was, but loyal to humanity and the republic. Oh! things are moving!—*Bost. Cor. Springfield Repub.*

DISSATISFACTION IN THE WESTERN ARMY.—Letters from officers of high rank in the Western army say that the policy pursued there of guarding rebel property, refusing to receive negroes even as workmen or informers concerning the enemy's movements, the policy of Order No. 3 in a word, is so distateful to the army that numerous resignations are coming in. This would have been the case weeks ago, the writers intimate, but for the unwillingness of any officer to resign in the face of the enemy. But now that the enemy has retreated, and the late duty of the army appears to be to guard the enemies of the Union, they feel that their sense of duty does not require them to remain in the service.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

The New York *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, in a letter styled "highly important from Rome," has the following paragraph: "On the same steamer with the Bishops returning from Rome were ecclesiastics from far distant countries—one in particular I must mention—the Bishop of Senegal, West Coast of Africa, who brings with him two full-blooded Africans—negroes—yes, genuine, black negroes, who are to finish their philosophical and theological education at the college of the Propaganda, Rome. This fact I learned from a passenger who arrived by the same steamer. Is there a College in New England, or any part of the States, that would allow a negro to study within its walls? Rome knows no distinction on account of color between the children of Adam."

A COLORED CONCERT FOR THE WOUNDED.—Bradbury's oratorio of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," was performed recently at the City Assembly Rooms by the pupils of Colored Grammar School No. 2, Eighth Ward, under the patronage of their school officers. In addition to a numerous chorus, the principal

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

My sister Blanche, her child, and I sat on the lawn that morning.
"Oh would a wife's strong love," she cried, "could shield a soldier's fate!"
Her voice a little trembled, as if touched by some forewarning.
Then rode a soldier up the lane, and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's? I bring a letter to his sister."
I took it. Blanche, half murmuring said, "What! none for me, his wife?"
The stranger dangled Madge's curls, and, bending over, kissed her:
"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved him as my life."

Then suddenly he galloped off, without a word more spoken.
I read the letter. Blanche exclaimed, "What makes you tremble so?"
—O God! how could I answer her? How should the news be broken?
For first they wrote to me, not her, that I should break the blow.

"Another battle fought!" I said. "Our troops were brave, but lost it."
Her quick eye saw the letter was not writ in Malcolm's hand.
I glanced a moment at her face—a sudden shadow crossed it:
"Read quick, dear May—read all, I pray—and let me understand."

I did not read but told the tale—and tempered so the phrases
That scarce at first she guessed the worst. I kept the fatal word
Till I had told her of his march, his charge, his comrade's praises,—
And then,—the end!....While she—a statue!—never spoke nor stirred!

Oh never yet a woman's heart was broken so completely!—
So unbaptized of helpful tears!—so passionless and dumb!
She stood there in her agony, till little Madge asked sweetly,—
"Dear mother, when the battle ends, then will my father come?"

I touched my finger to her lip, and led her to her playing.
Poor Blanche! the winter on her cheek grew snowy as her name!
What could she do but kneel, and pray,—and linger at her praying?
—O Christ! when other heroes die, moan other wives the same?

Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the Cause from failing?
—God pity our brave lovers when they face the battle's blaze!
And pity wives made widows!—Shall it all be unavailing?—
O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!—and to Thy Name the praise!

—*Independent.* THEODORE TILTON.

EUROPEAN ARISTOCRACY HOSTILE TO AMERICAN LIBERTY.

I HAVE spoken of two reasons for a thoughtful commemoration of the Declaration of our National Independence. The first is the intrinsic, religious, Christian character of that great charter, asserting, as it does, the equal justice upon which our common Christianity lays most emphatic stress. And the second is the result of that first great act of our fathers; its influence as witnessed in the magnificent Empire which has risen from it, and as attested in the extraordinary circumstances of the present hour.

There is yet another thing that gives a peculiar interest, a special solemnity to the anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights with which this people claimed recognition among the nations. There is another thing that makes it incumbent upon us to regard the celebration of our national birthday as a formal reassertion of the rights of humanity with a new and profounder, a world-wide, significance.

The civil strife in which we are engaged threatens, as the progress of events is making more and more evident, to implicate us in a contest with one or more of the Old World governments. We are called, more and more pointedly, to maintain our free form of society not only as against the slaveholding revolt which has endangered it, but as against the aristocracies and monarchies of Europe. The present crisis in our national history has revealed the fact that the Old World—that England especially, bears us no love; that our republican institutions are odious in her eyes, and not the less so because our increase in national power has been too great hitherto to allow the jealousy we have undesignedly awakened to be freely expressed. But now, when all at once our national power seems to totter on the brink of ruin, all restraint vanishes, the mask is thrown off, and the bitter secret is out. The haste with which our utter overthrow is predicted, and every act of ours is misconstrued, joined with the stony insensibility shown by leading Englishmen to the atrocious character of this rebellion, shows that all our previous unexampled prosperity, instead of securing for us any cordial good-will abroad, has only tended to deepen the aversion with which we are looked upon.

Instead of giving childish expression to the irritation which this unexpected revelation of foreign hostility very naturally causes, it becomes us to confess our folly in having so easily fallen into the delusion that our English kindred regarded us with favor. Undoubtedly all Englishmen, who upon principle respect a republican form of government, are to be cordially acknowledged as our hearty friends and well-wishers. But every nation, which as a nation is maintaining an aristocracy, must, by the necessity of its position, by the force of the vital principle upon which it seeks to sustain itself, be just as really, if not as strongly, opposed to our free institutions as the South itself. Our national prosperity has been from the very first a living argument, growing every year in force, against all unjust social forms. Of course the prospect of its being overthrown could not fail to create a satisfaction abroad too intense to be repressed. We ought not to have been disappointed at the attitude of foreign governments. Nothing else was to be expected from them than that they should betray their joy at the prospect of our dissolution, and should refuse to entertain the unwelcome thought of the possibility of Northern success. It is manifest now that, bitterly as they have taunted us with our toleration of slavery, it is this despotic part of our social system which has reconciled them to our existence. Strongly as they have professed to disapprove of us on this account, they show now that they will hate us a great deal more heartily when we shall get rid of the dark cloud which has veiled our light. For then there will be nothing to neutralize the mighty moral effect of our free and beneficent institutions. Then their influence will be absolutely irresistible. Nothing will be able to withstand it.

In their indignation at the heartlessness of the English press, and of English statesmen, some of our people profess to be waiting impatiently for the hour, when, our present troubles ended, we shall be ready for a war with our mother country. But I trust in God, that, in the great work of maintaining the right, in which we are now honored to suffer, we shall learn a magnanimity that will render us incapable of that. And besides, there will be no need of war. We are bound to conquer England, and to elevate her by the conquest, high as she already stands, without drawing the sword against her. Let us once settle our present domestic difficulty, and we can settle it only in one way, and that is, by conforming to our central law—by the utter extinction of domestic bondage on our soil—let that darkness which now hides the light of our glorious liberty be dissipated, and every government in Europe will be revolutionized. Most especially will England be stirred to the very inmost by the beneficence and power and beauty of the order of things which will then be witnessed in this Western Hemisphere.

I am persuaded that it is a sense of the certain doom of all unequal forms of society involved in our success that instinctively prompts all this foreign opposition to the cause of the North. The nations feel in their inmost being that it is something more than a domestic trouble that has arisen on this soil, that the principles upon which all existing forms of society are based have here and now come into conflict, that this struggle has world-wide dimensions, that it is a struggle of the rights of universal humanity with all the powers of oppression.

It is even so, and such is its essential character. And the consciousness that it is in such a strife that we have become engaged, gives a special solemnity to our national birthday, the birthday, it is now manifest, not of one nation only, but of a new era for all mankind. The Declaration of Independence now takes a larger meaning. The "glittering generality," as it was not long ago sneeringly called, is now growing into a consuming fire—a fire which, while it glares upon all existing forms of oppression and reveals their hideousness, will purify the heart of this nation, burn up all our littlenesses and all our selfishness, and bring out those divine, indestructible elements of human nature which, once becoming active, change common men into saints and heroes. Most earnestly is it to be hoped that the people of the free North will be so elevated by the greatness of their cause, that the taunts and threats of foreign nations will pass them by as the idle wind. Standing on the mountain-top of Liberty, we can afford to let the murmurs of foreign discontent roll away unnoticed at our feet.

I cannot think that England and France, with the terrible experience they have had within the memory of some still living, will venture actively to interfere in our affairs. It is but little more than a half century ago that the monarchies of Europe, forming a coalition, undertook to interfere with France, then in a state of revolution, in which, following British example, she had brought her king to the scaffold. And though France then seemed to be utterly disorganized, exhausted by domestic convulsions, streaming with blood from self-inflicted wounds, that coalition of princes so exasperated her that instantly, as by magic, she developed a giant power, that in a few years brought Europe chained in blood at her feet. Let England and France ponder the lesson which was then taught, and take heed how, by a similar insolent interference, they madden the people of this land, who now, though sorely tried and tasked, are suffering no social disorganization like revolutionary France, but stand united as never a people were before, in the full consciousness of untold resources of intelligence and power. We of the North are, as we ever have been, strongly disposed to keep ourselves to ourselves, intermeddling with none. The only propagandism that has been generated on this soil, is the propagandism not of Liberty but of Bondage. And Northern success, if we are let alone, will be the destruction of that. But if foreign nations, by their interference, exasperate this people beyond endurance, it is not merely the emancipation of our own slaves that we shall be forced to proclaim and contend for, but the liberation of all men from the oppressive weight of unjust legislation, and then the war, instead of being confined within our borders, will extend over the world, and directly implicate the human race in the work of blood. God send wisdom to the rulers of England and of France!

Most earnestly do we implore His blessing upon ourselves, both rulers and people. The hearts of all flesh are in His hands, and God alone knows what bright forms of good or what dark shapes of evil may issue therefrom. It is not in man to direct his steps. Here at home, on our own soil, may we cling with a boundless confidence to equal Liberty, to that Righteousness which, as it is the one great thing that exalts a nation, so is it the only thing that can save a nation in an hour like this. Daily and hourly may the faith of every soul of us increase in the Declaration of our National Independence, our National Creed, in the right of every human being, whatever the color of his skin, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That Declaration is the word of the Lord that comes to this generation with most solemn emphasis. Not until that word is faithfully obeyed, will the day of deliverance from our present calamities dawn. I implore the mighty Spirit of truth to write that word upon every heart!—*Rev. W. H. Furness.*

GROWTH OF THE EMANCIPATION SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

BALTIMORE, July 7, 1862.

I HAVE some good news from Dorchester County in this State—good news to the lovers of human freedom and the haters of human slavery. Six out of seven of the County Commissioners, with Thomas Eggleston, brother of the late Justice Eggleston of the Maryland Court of Appeals, and also of the late Archbishop Eggleston, at their head, have declared for emancipation on the President's plan. When asked why he had taken this course, he simply pointed to his sons, whom slavery had deprived of half their manhood in the race of life, and this is the experience of every slaveholding father in slave land. Judge Spence, also, of the Circuit Court, and the Clerk of his Court, Mr. Henry, together with nearly all the Judicial and other officers of the County, have likewise declared for converting our State into a free one. There is a society of over fifty emancipationists in Cambridge, and the Cambridge *Intelligencer*, edited by Mr. Straughn, is doing Herculean service in the cause. Governor Hicks, I am informed, is not against us, but we hope soon to have him with us actively.

Mr. Penz, one of the most enterprising men of this city, is exerting a good influence on the Eastern Shore in our favor; for he is a slaveholder, and owns a large farm, which he is cultivating with great success, adjoining the estate of W. T. Goldsborough, who is opposed to emancipation, and owns one hundred and thirty slaves. These two gentlemen are pitted against each other in the discussion of the subject of emancipation; but, fortunately for our cause, Mr. Penz is the more eloquent of the two, and gains the attention of his brother workingmen. In a recent debate he completely floored his antagonist. The Denton *Union*, published in Caroline County, is also working away like a beaver in behalf of emancipation. There is a blacksmith at Port Deposit, in Cecil County, by the name of James Touchstone, who has taken up a strong pen on the side of emancipation in the Baltimore *American*. It is intended to get him to prepare a series of tracts for the working whites of the State.

As the war goes on in the South, and the conflict begins to grow hot in the State, new men will arise to plead the cause of emancipation. Discussion, discussion, is loudly called for from every quarter of Maryland. The continuous exodus of slaves from the greatest slaveholding Counties is stimulating the public mind up to the emancipation point. People are beginning to see that Senator Pearce was right when he took ground, three years ago, against driving out our free negroes, and that the addition of as many to the mass will do no harm. At all events, the conviction is growing that the emancipation of our 80,000 slaves is required as a necessity, to put out forever the "embers of rebellion" in Maryland.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AMONG THE CONTRABANDS.

South Carolina Correspondence of The Times.

THE negroes, on most of the plantations, made a gala day of the Fourth, and they were encouraged in its celebration by their superintendents, who improved the occasion to impress upon them the duties and responsibilities which belonged to their new condition as freemen in its relation to the government.

I had the pleasure of attending one of these celebrations at St. Helena Island, in which at least *twelve hundred* well-dressed, orderly and evidently very happy negroes participated. I went upon an invitation from Brig.-Gen. Saxton, an earnest friend of the blacks, whose whole energies are enlisted in the experiment of dealing with them in that practical way which shall subserve their best interests, and who has been wisely entrusted by the government with their management. Leaving Beaufort at 6 o'clock in the morning, the General and his Staff crossed to Ladies' Island, where a carriage awaited them, in which they rode four miles to the plantation formerly owned by Mr. John J. Pope, but now superintended by Miss Winsor, an estimable lady, sent here from Boston, under the auspices of the Freedman's Society. The drive at this early hour, while the air was balmy as the breath of June, was delightful, taking us through many acres of thrifty cotton and fields of fast-ripening corn, all the result of the wise policy pursued toward the negroes, in this Department, by Mr. Pierce, their late superintendent. On this plantation there are 145 acres under cultivation, the larger number of which are devoted to cotton, and the condition of crops here, I was told, might be taken as an illustration of what they were elsewhere. There have been ninety-five people living under Miss Winsor's charge, not more than half of whom were engaged in the fields, but her management has been judicious and kind, and marked with such tact that these few laborers have worked more willingly and heartily, and have accomplished nearly as much, as did the full force when the work was performed under compulsion.

In addition to the very hard work of providing for the wants of these people, and raising them from their former condition of helpless, almost child-like, dependence upon others to a comparative state of self-reliance and self-direction—a task the difficulties of which were aggravated by its novelty and her inexperience — Miss Winsor, with the undaunted energy of a heroine, has established a school, which she superintends in person, for the instruction in reading and writing of the children on her own and the surrounding plantations. This school is numerously attended, and the pupils give very encouraging signs of advancement. As might well have been expected, this lady is looked upon by her humble charge with a feeling akin to worship, and they have responded to her efforts on their behalf with a higher appreciation than could have been expected.

After partaking, in company with a number of the superintendents from other plantations, of this lady's hospitality, Gen. Saxton, and the entire party, set out in carriages for the Baptist church on St. Helena Island, which was appointed for the place of celebration. A pleasant drive of three miles took us to our destination, and on the way we passed hundreds of negroes, gaily trooping along in their holiday dresses, who greeted us with smiles and words of welcome. We arrived at the scene of festivity in time to witness the forming of the procession, and other preliminaries of the occasion. A platform was erected at a corner of the church-yard, beneath the wide-spread branches of a noble oak, and a large United States flag, borrowed for the occasion, hung opposite, directly across the road. Beneath this flag the negroes passed, marching in pairs to the music of their own voices, waving green boughs, and cheering with enthusiasm the banner of the Union. I said that the number of those assembled was at least twelve hundred, and I am sure, if anything, that this is an under-estimate. The celebration exercises were inaugurated with prayer by Rev. Mr. Brinkerhoff, of Boston, and appropriate addresses were made by Gen. Saxton, Mr. Philbrick of Boston, and other gentlemen, to which the audience paid great attention. I have seldom had an opportunity of witnessing a more decorous and delighted assembly, and such was the feeling of all the white people who were present. The speaking was relieved by a variety of simple songs, given by the negroes with a great deal of spirit, and at the conclusion of these exercises, an ample quantity of cake and cool drinks was distributed to the delighted multitude.

AN ACORN FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

A SIMPLE acorn—nothing more!
It's like, a thousand times before,
I've seen upon the wooded shore,

Or in thick forests, where the shade
Demurely with the sunshine played,
Of its bright neighbor half afraid.

I've gathered them by handfulls up,
And smiling said: "An elf might sup,
Contented, from so fair a cup."

But this—I hold it in my hand
With reverent awe, as if the wand
Of some old Druid once had fanned

The parent tree that gave it birth,
While underneath its mystic girth
They kept their feasts of solemn mirth.

Oh, more than Druid could invoke,
By moonlight 'neath the sacred oak,
My acorn unto me has spoke!

Dumb—yet no Delphic oracle,
By incantation, dream or spell,
Could conjure what its lips can tell.

A simple acorn—but, to me,
Nor Delphic shrine nor sacred tree,
Has half its gift of prophecy.

For, folded in its bosom, lies
God's promise through the centuries;
The Prophecy of Prophecies!

And so, with reverent care, I lay
My treasure in the earth away,
My tears half starting while I say:

Oh, nurse it gently, gentle Earth;
Kind Nature give it kindly birth;
Let storm, nor drouth, nor any dearth

Of thy sweet care, my treasure blight;
Be lavish of thy dews and light,
Thy smile by day, thy tears by night.

Thus gracious watch above it keep,
Until its roots strike broad and deep,
And skyward its great branches sweep.

So, when this dear child at my knee,
To manhood grown, comes back to me,
And rests beneath his favorite tree,

He'll mind me with what tender care
We nursed it, while the sun and air
No gentle ministry did spare;

And how we fenced the sapling round,
Not doubting that the guarded mound,
So green within, was holy ground.

And I shall answer with glad tears
Brimming my eyes: "Behold what years
And God have done, despite our fears.

For see, my son! a tree more fair
Than this, and nursed with tenderer care,
Is growing in God's gracious air:

The Tree of Liberty! Its shade
Shelters the nations God hath made,
And none molest or make afraid."

Fitchburg, Mass.

NEGROES MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS.

TESTIMONY OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

THE following is the testimony of an unwilling witness—a French soldier:

Lieut.-Gen. Baron Amphile de La Croix was a distinguished officer of the French republican army, a part of which was detached by Bonaparte, under Gen. Leclerc (the husband of Pauline Bonaparte), to bring St. Domingo under French rule again. His "Memoires" are considered valuable, especially for their details of military operations.

He states that the blacks fought well, even in the early days of their insurrection, when they were a mere revolted crowd. At the first symptoms of hesitation on the part of the soldiers sent out to put them down, they would throw themselves with audacity upon the cannon, stuff their arms into them, and at any expense take them.

They never appeared as a crowd of excited people engaged in a revolt, but dispersed themselves in different bodies, each one of which had instructions to converge in such a way as to envelope the forces sent against them. When they were dispersed, they still had constancy enough to remain under arms.

The unorganized mulattoes in the South of St. Domingo always knew how to gain advantages. On the 1st and 2d of September, 1791, a body of a hundred filibustiers and two hundred French troops of the line, with several pieces of cannon, was routed at daybreak, at the end of a successful march, by a sustained fire of the mulattoes, of musketry alone, leaving one hundred dead and wounded.

In a subsequent action, when a mulatto general was on the point of being overthrown by the fire of twenty pieces of artillery, he was saved by a flank movement of another division of mulattoes, who threw themselves upon the pieces with perfect abandonment, extinguished the fire, and carried off one piece.

By turns victorious and defeated, the mulattoes never ceased to keep an armed corps in the field, in the interest of their cause.

The defile called *Les Platons* was attacked by three columns of French troops, numbering more than 15,000 men, August 6th, 1792. The first column, not being supported at the expected moment, wavered; it was composed of mulattoes under Rigaud (the mulattoes fighting against the blacks ottener than with them). It was annihilated, though supported by regular troops. The second column was a little later; it was also led by veteran troops from the army of the Rhine. It was received as the French and Bavarians were received by Swiss and Tyrolese; a lively musketry fire so decimated it, that it was forced to retreat. Then it was vigorously pursued, and lost one hundred men, a lieutenant-colonel and four officers.

The third column, with one piece of artillery, which was probably an encumbrance, hearing of these checks, attempted to retreat in order. It was too late. The *chef d'artillerie* was killed at his piece, and all the men who tried to prevent its capture. The rout was complete. Two cannon and ten waggon loads of provisions were abandoned. The blacks pressed on, exploded the caissons, killed many, and the troops did not rally till they were beneath the guns of Aux Cayes.

Rochambeau afterwards forced this defile and took an entrenched camp of the negroes. In entrenching themselves, they had recourse to the knowledge of the whites, either French or Spanish, who favored them.

Under Toussaint l'Overture, the blacks began to be disciplined. "It was remarkable to see the Africans, half naked, with musket and sabre, giving an example of the severest discipline. They went out for a campaign with nothing to eat but maize, established themselves in towns, without touching anything exposed for sale in the shops, nor pillaging the farmers who brought things to market. Supple and trembling before their officers, respectful to citizens, they seemed only to wish to obey the instinct for liberty which was inspired in them by Toussaint."

This was at the period when they began to see clearly that nothing but the destruction of the French could secure their freedom.

Toussaint's army was brigaded and organized after the French fashion, but was composed of only twenty thousand six hundred and fifty men, all of whom, but fifteen hundred—chiefly mulattoes—were blacks.

His principal place of defence, where he had stored great quantities of arms and munitions, was Crete-a-Pierrot. The French thought they could take it by a *coup de main*, but were repulsed, and it had to be regularly invested and approached by slow and painful efforts. It was bombarded from three quarters for two whole days; the garrison of twelve hundred made sorties with various success. The French lost fifteen hundred men by these, and by the fire from the entrenchments. The blacks knew how to throw up new redoubts to menace the French approaches. A second attempt at carrying the place cost Rochambeau three hundred men. At length the garrison retreated, losing less than half its number. La Croix says: "The retreat which the commandant dared to conceive and execute was a remarkable feat of arms. We surrounded his post to the number of more than twelve thousand men. He saved himself, did not lose half his garrison, and left us nothing but his dead and wounded. This man was a quadroon, named Lamartinier, *chef du brigade*, to whom nature had given a mind of the strongest stamp. He was the same man who headed the resistance of Port au Prince against the divisions of Bondet, and who, in full council of war, broke the head of La Combe, a commandant of artillery."

Toussaint himself made one or two attacks upon the investing force, and when the place was entered, he had fallen back to cut the communication between the attacking troops and the army in the north. He was so far successful that Hardy's division, in forcing its way through, became only a crowd of fugitives, having lost five hundred men.

Le Croix devotes a good many pages to the affair of Crete-a-Pierrot, and unreservedly expresses his admiration of the blacks; adding, however, that in general they know how to defend better than to attack.

This is true of a great many other people; the Turks, even under Omer Pacha, along the Danube, in the opening scenes of the Crimean war, could defend their entrenchments against every effort of the Russians; and they had only common earthworks, with a shallow ditch.

It is plain that the negroes must be inspired with some sentiment or passion before they can fight. In this respect they are like the colder people of the North. And they must have some expectation or idea strong enough to hold them together and create an *esprit de corps*. It will not be possible to subject them to sustained discipline and to all the various fortunes of war, unless they can feel that in fighting for their own personal safety they are fighting for their race—to be better off in the future—to enjoy some emolument or advantage; in fine, to be the owner of the blood and muscle which they are induced to expend for government.

And when that is clearly understood by them, the government will wield the most potent arm in the Southern States. There will be no lack of laborers and soldiers, on the strength of a proclamation, conceived in good faith, and not disavowed by the Executive.

The history of Hayti shows that the blacks will go with enthusiasm wherever they are led, by whites or by men of their own color, provided their steps never point again in the direction of slavery. Their stolid indifference vanishes when they have once got rid of the restraint of tyranny; they willingly incur the restraints of freedom to preserve their new position towards mankind. J. W.

VITALITY OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.

IN the fearful struggle in which we are involved, our Free Institutions are revealing a vitality which the paralyzing influence of the slave system of the South, to which they have so long been subjected, has not been able to destroy. Although for years it seemed as if the spirit of Liberty, without which free institutions cannot exist, were dying out over all the North under the bribes and terrors of the Slave Power, yet when that power unsheathed the sword, the North, no longer crouching and trembling before it, leaped to its feet as one man with an enthusiasm of self-sacrificing valor, which showed that the Declaration of Independence was not a dead letter, that it was written in living characters in the hearts of the people, that free institutions were not a shadow and a failure, that not in vain had been our liberty of thought and speech, hampered though it had been, that not in vain had been our free schools and our Churches, though so much had been done to suppress even in them the lessons of Freedom. Then it was made gloriously evident that, while Oppression had been using our civil Constitution to sanction its outrages, until that instrument, so full of wisdom and formed expressly to promote liberty, seemed as if it had no office but to guard the alleged right of property in human flesh, the Great God of Justice and Humanity had been all the while busily breathing his free spirit through our institutions in a thousand unnoticed ways into the very being of the North, and preparing our people, when in his Providence the signal should be given, to show themselves a united people, and to make the most generous self-sacrifices. They have rushed to the national defence with a unanimity unexcelled in the history of the world. They have waited with unbroken patience upon the guidance of their chosen leaders. They have borne the burdens and anxieties of this critical period with unequalled cheerfulness. In fine, under the social forms here established a brave national heart is found all at once beating in accord with our great Declaration and in prompt response to a devoted patriotism, and the people of the North are now known to be one people, bound by a generous and intelligent affection to this land of their birth or of their adoption. Our Free Institutions a failure! Where is there another government on the face of the earth that would not have been shivered into atoms at once by a rebellion as wide-spread and powerfully equipped as this with which we have suddenly forced to grapple? Put now to the severest test, our free form of civil order is developing itself victoriously in the love of an intelligent and self-sacrificing people. And in commemorating the Declaration of Independence now in the second year of the rebellion, we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that that Declaration is a living spirit, living in the heart of this nation, and making it a nation worth suffering with and suffering for to the uttermost; a nation which, as the world has now seen, when occasion calls, springs to arms in its own defence of its own free good-will, and is showing itself in this essential respect first in war, as it has shown itself first in peace.—*Rev. W. H. Furness.*

THE MOWING MACHINE AND THE BOBOLINK.

THERE goes Mr. Turner, on his mowing machine, riding like a prince in his chariot. Two great white horses walk off with it. Rode like a prince, did I say? Why not? Every blade of grass bows down to him as he comes. The daisies fall before him. Red-top, timothy, blue grass, red clover, coreopsis, and other chance weeds, make obeisance to him, as round and round the lot he rides in state, king of grass and grain! It is a strange victory over the meadow that is wrought out by mowing-machines! The poetry of the mower is all dashed. The musical whetting of his scythe is over. He is turned off into corners where the machine cannot go, and whacks up the tangled and lodged spots. Once, haying-time was the agony of the year. The farmer was held at the mercy of men and weather. Now, what cares he for men? His machine epitomizes ten men at the wages of one and a pair of horses. He holds ten acres in the palm of his hand.

I follow with quick step the rattling, clattering machine. The long scissors-knife is hidden in the grass. The swath is cut apparently without an instrument. The grass rolls over toward the machine as if it were a fluid, and followed the wake of the machine as waves roll astern of steamboats. The air is cool and bright. The grass is wet with yesterday's rain and night dew. It sparkles with million drops of water winking at the sun. I like labor! Haying, especially, is very pleasant! It does not tire me to walk on this smooth-cut path, nor to look at the nimbly upset grass, nor to rejoice to see that villanous stalk of dock and that old torment of a thistle snapped up in a twinkling and pitched into the swath without a root. Alas! I fear that there *is* a root. If the stalk shall never find it again, I fear that I shall! These insidious, burrowing, creeping, ramifying, spreading, climbing, propagating, and immortal thistle-roots!—oh, why were they not put on the gladiolus, or the larkspur, or on some tender flower of much glory, whose hold on life we anxiously watch and nurse! What tough roots evil has in this world, while goodness can hardly be made to hold on to the soil!

Here is a Mrs. Bobolink, who has sailed around me for the last ten minutes, alighting on the ground, with nervous tilting of tail and half flutter of wings. Now she springs into the air, and sails to yonder apple tree. Her black and white draped husband sits waiting for her. There is evidently a nest hidden in this grass, and younglings! Poor thing, your wiles and arts are now all against you. You would draw me away from the right spot, when you should show it to me. I would protect it. A stake and a little grove of grass should remain to hide your young till they can fly. But now, I cannot imagine where the little brood hides, and all your running and flying, and jumping from one blade of grass to another, and trillings and exclamations, serve only to make the doom inevitable! See the inexorable machine is coming! It spares nothing. Tell me, is the nest along the edge? It will shear a yard's depth close. Fool! to sit on that twig singing "pit-ee," "pit-ee!" I know it is a pity, but it can't be helped, if you will not show me! You think I have a prejudice against your husband because he wears a black coat! None in the world! It is because he changes his coat that I blame him! Here he comes to the North, in May, with a black coat faced with white, a great friend of both races, and famous in his public prelections. To hear him discourse you would think him a very enthusiast for liberty! He sings on the wing. Few birds do that. That may be called improvisation. He cannot hold his peace. Out of the abundance of his heart he singeth, and can lose no time.

And yet no sooner has he reared his little family of bobolinks, amid Northern institutions, than off he goes to the rice swamps of Carolina, and the reeds and fens of the Southwest, and changes his coat—not a feather of black left, but a russet brown—changes his voice, and his very name—and, as a sober rice-bird, conforms to the society of Southern latitudes. Where are all your high-flown speeches now?—for shame on you! But, my dear Mrs. Bobolink, I don't blame *you*. You stick to your colors, North and South. I believe that you are a dutiful, faithful, and affectionate wife, and I will take hold and help you out of this danger, and all the little future turncoats in your nest, if you will stop your deluding ways, and come right to the point. For the last time, I ask you, where *are* they?

It is too late! Even while I was expostulating with you, the blade had cut sheer across the nest, and left you desolate. You know it, I see. Your flutter is stopped. You are mute. I am sorry for you.

But you are not alone in your misery. Just so are we poor wretches cut down every day by inexorable laws that come driving right along over hidden nests. The great globe itself is but a huge rolling machine that sheers off to the very root myriads of plans and hopes. Time carries an unwhetted beam of knives, that seem never to grow dull by shearing all things. Men and cities, and nations and generations go down before it, and there is no escape. And did you expect, O poor birdie, to escape? Men have no advantage over you. They, too, are made desolate as in a moment. Nay; you will forget your trouble by to-morrow. Your troubles are for only a day. One sleep will brood on you, and you will be well. Alas! men's sorrows will not cure so easily. Time cures some. Some it nourishes and increases. There is but one hospital, in which all get well. It is the grave. All are healed there of whatsoever ill they had.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

THE MILLS OF GOD.

"Die Muehlen Gottes mahlen sehr fein."

THOSE mills of God! those tireless mills!
I hear their ceaseless throbs and thrills:
I see their dreadful stones go round,
And all the realms beneath them ground;
And lives of men, and souls of States
Flung out, like chaff, beyond their gates.

And we, O LORD! with impious will,
Have made these NEGROES turn Thy mill!
Their human limbs with chains we bound,
And bade them whirl Thy mill-stones round:
With branded brow and fettered wrist,
We bade them grind this Nation's grist!

And so, like Samson—blind and bound—
Our Nation's grist this Negro ground;
And all the strength of Freedom's toil,
And all the fruits of Freedom's soil,
And all her hopes, and all her trust,
From Slavery's gates were flung, like dust!

With servile souls this mill we fed,
That ground the grain for Slavery's bread:
With cringing men, and grovelling deeds,
We dwarfed our land to Slavery's needs;
Till all the scornful nations hiss'd,
To see us ground with Slavery's grist.

The mill grinds on! From Slavery's plain,
We reap great crops of blood-red grain;
And still the Negro's strength we urge,
With slavery's gyve and slavery's scourge;
And still we crave—on Freedom's sod—
That slaves shall turn the mills of God!

The mill grinds on!—GOD lets it grind!
We sow the seed—the sheaves we bind:
The mill stones whirl as WE ordain:
Our CHILDREN'S BREAD shall test the GRAIN!
While Samson still in chains we bind,
The mill grinds on!—God LETS it grind!

June 12, 1862.—*Tribune.* A. J. H. DUGANNE.

GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE NATION.

"Let my people go."—EXOD. ix. 1.

A YEAR ago God gave this message to our nation. We have driven our war-chariots over it up to the rebel Capital. To-day he takes up this trampled message and traces it in lightning on the skies. The events of the fatal week are "a strategic retreat," say our Generals—"We must have 300,000 more men," says the President—"Give us new men and measures," say the politicians—"*Let my people go*," saith the Lord.

It is because we have *not listened* to this word that our armies are not in Richmond to-day—that our young men lie heaped in slaughter, while tens of thousands are borne in bleeding agony to our cities to die, or, if they live to spend crippled and helpless lives.

It is because we have not obeyed this voice that our treasures have been poured out by hundreds of millions, and that foreign powers are tempted as never before to thrust themselves into our national affairs.

The duty was laid upon us at the beginning of the war, to open the house of bondage, because then we had the *right and power*. What the Constitution did not give us the power to do, treason gave us. God thus uses the wrath of man. With the power and the right came the *responsibility* and the DUTY. It is *we* now who are responsible for the continuance of slavery. There are no such perils of servile insurrection as are usually associated as inseparable from emancipation. More than 100,000 soldiers would, ere this, have enlisted in our cause—100,000 men more would have been efficient workmen in the Federal service.

By a striking coincidence, the very day that the columns of sickening defeat were read in Congress, and the President's call was sent forth for 300,000 men, Hunter's famous letter was read. How will the country respond, till they know how the President will respond to this letter? Will they send their sons, when they know that twice that number are ready to die in defense of their liberties and our own, and when our present policy says to the slave, You shall not help us, but you must stay and help the enemy who is slaying our sons. God has put the key of the house of bondage into our hands, and held them to the key, and kept us standing at the door for months, saying to us, "*Let my people go.*"

We refused to open the door, and refused to have it opened. Fremont, Phelps, Hunter, have been recalled, superseded, or their orders countermanded.

When the inmates of this house of bondage *opened the door*, we have thrust them back. God has treated us as he did Pharaoh. Halleck drove the contrabands from his lines, and after infinite labor to make the enemy's escape impossible, he had the satisfaction to find that Beauregard's army had gone and left no *footprints or tidings* of their destination. If information had been welcomed from the slaves, the rebel army might have been captured or cut to pieces. But it had leisure to make its way to Richmond, and, *two to one*, the rebellion launched its forces upon us, and drove us back *eighteen* shameful miles in that terrible and fatal week. God has bound up our interests in the same bundle with those of his oppressed people. Shall we say, We will conquer the rebels, and then bring them to terms by opening the house of bondage? But the experiment of waiting has already cost us too much. It may yet appear that we have hardened our hearts one day too long. Our army may be cut to pieces. France and England may be upon us. Let the Word of God be obeyed before the hour of a deathbed repentance. If you will not in the name of God and justice, then in the name of our national life, smite slavery down, smite it speedily. If we do not slay it, it will slay us. Say to the President, Take the 300,000 men you call for. Yes; give him 300,000 besides; but *tell, entreat him*, "*Let my people go.*"

We thank God that the President is neither Pharaoh nor a king. He is only waiting for your voice. He would have opened the house of bondage long ago if you had said so.—*Sermon by Dr. Swain of Providence.*

THE ISSUE OF THE STRUGGLE.

I DO not arrogate a wisdom beyond that of others. Often deceived by portents which seemed to threaten calamities that were not realized, I am as conscious of my fallibility as he who most insists upon it. But my faith that the Universe is the subject of moral government—that every development has its law and every act its fitting recompense—is no chimera; and in its light I read with imperfect failing vision but with steadfast conviction the issue of this terrible struggle. God is trying the hearts of this people as of old he tried that of Pharaoh with sore afflictions, and His message which they are intended to enforce is one of doom to Inhumanity and Oppression. By the Union, if we have the virtue to hear and heed the summons, He is about to rid this land of slavery; by disunion, if we prove recreant and unworthy, He will nevertheless put down slavery. The latter is by far the slower, less obvious process; but if we prove unworthy to aid His designs by our cooperation, we may yet illustrate them by our fall. A hearty and practical recognition of the Rights of Man—of the right of every innocent human being to the full use of his own limbs and faculties—of every husband to his wife, of every mother to her infant child—rights which government never gave, and never had rightful power to take away—will save us even yet. As a nation, we have been deaf to the cries of the despised and down-trodden, and we are now paying the penalty of our sin. May Divine Mercy save us from the extreme consequences of our transgression, and lead us through penitence and amendment back to peace and happiness.—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

ON THE RIGHT ROAD AT LAST.

To the Editors of The Commercial Advertiser.

I WANT to "strike while the iron is hot," and, as your anvil is nearer than my own, will you allow me the use of it? The public mind is now taking the right direction with regard to "contrabands." Our army needs the "aid and comfort" which can be obtained from "contrabands," and in accepting it we deprive the enemy of an element of strength.

I was with Gen. Butler at Annapolis when he inaugurated a policy in reference to escaped slaves. I felt then, as I do now, that *he* "hit the nail on the head." I went directly to Washington and urged the government to instruct all the officers of the army to receive, and not *repel* fugitives, proclaiming simultaneously *that the slaves of loyal owners would be paid for*, and those of traitors confiscated; and that all should be employed as unarmed auxiliaries to the army. At least two-thirds of the officers of the army, from education and habit, left to themselves, turned the fugitives back, thus making their condition worse than it was, and disheartening others who were eager to escape. Had Gen. Butler's policy been adopted a year ago, at least half a million of slaves who have been at work in the rebel armies would have been relieving our own worn-out troops from exhausting drudgery—thus *weakening* the enemy, and *strengthening* ourselves in a corresponding degree.

And this line of policy would have raised no embarrassing issues. It was simple, and so just both to loyal men and traitors, that all would have acquiesced. While it protected loyal citizens, it gave us the advantage we are entitled to, in war, over our enemy.

But for reasons which were deemed sufficient, the question of "contrabands" has been left to drift along until public sentiment demands a policy. In that demand I perceive the dawning of a brighter day. Proclaim, at once, compensation to loyal men, in the order which directs commanding officers to receive and employ "contrabands," and the war will assume new and more encouraging aspects. Without the services of slaves, in relieving their troops from manual and menial labor, the rebellion would collapse in a month.

Respectfully yours, THURLOW WEED.

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